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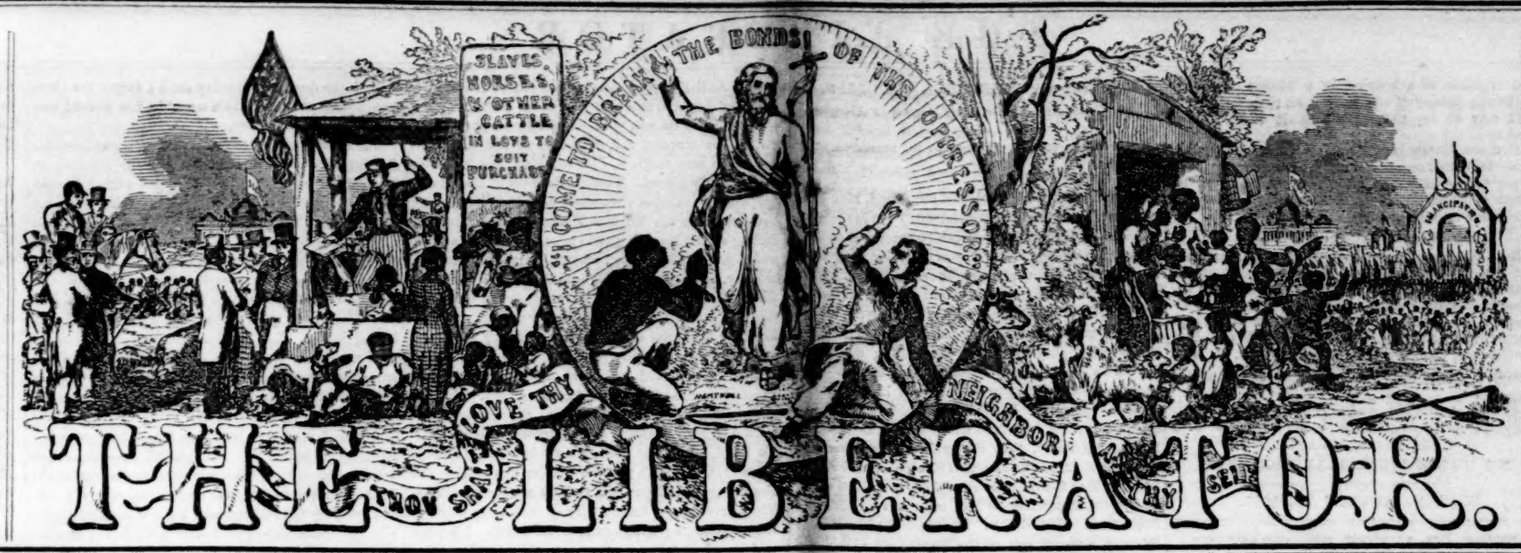
SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOVE TO SUIT PURCHASE
COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSED
LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF
THOU SHALT
THE LIBERATOR.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

The United States Constitution is 'a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell.'

☞ 'The free States are the guardians and essential supports of slavery. We are the jailers and constables of the institution. . . . There is some excuse for communities, when, under a generous impulse, they espouse the cause of the oppressed in other States, and by force restore their rights; but *they are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke.* On this subject, OUR FATHERS, IN FRAMING THE CONSTITUTION, SWERVED FROM THE RIGHT. We their children, at the end of half a century, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and *must walk in it.* To this point the public mind has long been tending, and the time has come for looking at it fully, dispassionately, and with manly and Christian resolution. . . . No blessing of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow-creatures; nor ought this bond to be perpetuated, if experience shall demonstrate that it can only continue through our participation in wrong doing. To this conviction the free States are tending.' — WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

DISSOLUTION OF THE FEDERAL UNION.

A few years since, it was deemed by all parties natural treason even to discuss the question of dissolving the Union. When some of the leaders of the old Federal party hinted dissolution as a remedy for the evils which they claimed existed, an indignant patriotic public frowned upon and drove them into obscurity. The mission of Henry, sent by Great Britain to counsel and aid New England in forming, during the war of 1812, a separate and independent confederacy, where federal instincts and purposes might prevail to the exclusion of the Madison democracy, aroused the masses of the people to the highest point of indignation. When the Hartford Convention assembled in 1814, with like purposes, in case Mr. Madison would not submit to the dictation of the Federal party, the American people, almost to a man, rallied in favor of the Union. When the integrity of the republic was threatened on the advent of nullification, the masses clearly, strongly, and emphatically, testified their attachment to the Union. General Jackson's celebrated toast — 'The Union must and shall be preserved' — commanded the hearty approval of every true American, and not one voice was openly raised against it within our borders. It is now daily quoted with applause by our patriotic citizens, and it forms the motto at the head of more than one Democratic newspaper. The feeling thus indicated became and remained nearly universal until the advent of the Black Republican party, when open movements became common among the avowed Abolitionists, manifesting the strongest hostility to the Constitution and Union, followed by assaults and denunciations, more or less distinct, upon both, by those shrinking from an express avowal of what they felt and desired, without the courage manfully to express their wishes. Gov. Seward, after proclaiming the existence of a law 'higher' than the Constitution, without openly insisting upon a dissolution of the Union, assailed the Constitution in a speech at Albany, announcing the dissolution of the Whig party, which had no longer the power to confer office and dignities upon him, found fault with and denounced all its leading features, dwelling mainly upon those which were the subject of compromises in the convention framing it. His lead was followed, and everywhere the Republican party, which succeeded to the old Whig organization, took the same ground.

This course secured the cordial support of the Disunion and Abolition party, who interpreted the signs exhibited as intended to promote and lead to the accomplishment of the purposes which they openly professed and avowed. The disunion Abolitionists are the bold pioneers for those who, with stealthy footsteps, follow half concealed in their dark shadows. Instead of manfully assailing the Constitution and the Union, and attempting to show that they have failed in the great objects of their creation, the Black Republicans, in a most cowardly manner, assail the detailed provisions of the Constitution, and charge that, owing to them, the Union is a curse instead of a blessing. The masses of that party are probably wholly unconscious of the motives of their leaders. Full and candid reflection must satisfy them that their course inevitably leads to that result, whether openly avowed or not. Why assail the Constitution by piece-meal, and denounce its effects, if the real object is not to undermine and destroy it, with the Union which binds it together? Do they propose any remedy? None except overthrowing the Democrats, and securing themselves in power. But if this were applied, it would leave the Constitution as it is, and has existed for sixty-eight years, and as it will exist for ages to come. While out of power, with them the Constitution is all wrong; but could they fill all the high stations in the government, all would be right, or at least without complaint. — Their great purpose is to lay hold of subjects to excite and arouse prejudices upon which to ride into political power. But they have associates and co-laborers who are open as well as in earnest in trying to destroy the Union, hoping to erect in the North a confederacy where slavery shall not exist, and where they expect to hold the reins of power. — They profess a desire not to associate with the States where it is permitted. A convention of this class recently assembled at Worcester, Massachusetts, a Committee of which have issued a circular call to all the free States to be held in October next, 'to take into consideration the practicability, probability, and expediency of a separation between the free and slave States.' Such a call, issued before the 'higher law' was proclaimed, would have called forth the unanimous denunciation of the whole American press, while our patriotic orators would have made the welkin ring with anathemas upon its authors. But now the Black Republican press is silent as the grave, and the orators are tongue-tied and dumb upon the subject. The whole party are giving aid and comfort to these open enemies of the Union. Are there not some sectionalists at the South whose feelings and wishes favor this treasonable scheme, hoping that a Southern confederacy may grow out of it to be controlled by them? We trust that if there are such, their numbers are few, and their power to promote disunion is as trifling as the purpose is suicidal and unholy. Who resists this threatened overthrow of the Constitution and our glorious confederacy? The democracy, and they alone. Whether residing at the North, South, East, or West, they are the defenders and supporters of the institutions which our forefathers and the patriots and heroes of the Revolution contrived and transmitted to us. In this good fight in some States the democracy have fallen, but they will rise as the motives of their enemies are exposed and understood. He who cheerfully fights against odds, and fails, is no less a worthy and devoted soldier than him who achieves a victory over inferior numbers, because both are seeking to uphold the same principles and rights, and are performing a duty to their country. Democracy and the Constitution are the same throughout the Union, and the enemies of both are the same everywhere. Will a Northern Democrat fail to sustain Democratic principles and the Constitution when they secure and protect the rights of the South? Will a Southern Democrat fail to do the same for the North? Will either neglect a constitutional duty to which the West is entitled? — Does any one imagine that the West will neglect to cherish and uphold every constitutional duty and Democratic principle? Whoever casts such imputations upon the Democracy of either section of the Union either knows nothing of the principles of the party, or designedly misrepresents them. While that party continues to exist, its energies in every part of the Union will be devoted to sustain the Constitution and the principles upon which it rests, and to preserve intact the Union which has been, in all times past, the boasted legacy from the fathers of the Republic. Whoever attempts to overthrow the Constitution or dissolve the Union will find everywhere uncompromising adversaries in the entire Democracy. We shall devote our best energies to uphold both, and shall ever treat all who assail them as traitors to the Republic and enemies to all popular government resting upon the will of the people. — *Washington Union.*

WHAT ARE THE POLITICS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE?

We publish in another column a slightly infuriate and desponding article from the organ of the Southern secessionists, the Charleston *Mercury*, on the cruel manner in which the Southern ultras are being consumed and wasted away under the Buchanan *regime;* and side by side with it, a circular from Messrs. Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison & Company, inviting the people to choose delegates to a National Convention for the purpose of consummating the disunion of the States. Of the two documents, the latter is the calmer and more philosophical: it is evidently the work of pure theorists who have little or no knowledge of the practical workings of statesmanship. The Southern article — more practical and direct — is at the same time more violent, and if possible more absurd in the political doctrine it preaches. While the Worcester disunionists regard all political parties as insignificant, and talk of splitting the Union as coolly as they might talk of splitting an apple, the Southern ultras set their strength to work to prove the national democracy a humbug, and to rally the Southern people into a faction that shall oppose it.

Now, the utterances of these two hostile yet co-operating factions are of no consequence whatever, save as indications of votes to be hereafter polled. It does not matter one straw what the private views of Lloyd Garrison or the editor of the *Mercury* may chance to be: these opinions are only worth notice inasmuch as they may at some time or other receive embodiment in the action of a portion of the public at the polls. The importance, therefore, which ought to be attached to these opinions is exactly proportionate to the numerical force which is now, or apparently promises to be hereafter available for their expression and support at future elections.

The people of this country, politically speaking, consists of a trifle over four millions of citizens. — Political doctrines are noteworthy solely in proportion to the part of these four millions that adopt them. What portion of the four millions can be reasonably expected to embrace either on the one hand the extreme Southern views of the Charleston *Mercury* or the extreme Northern views of the Worcester disunionists?

We must begin by subtracting all property holders; for they, of course, are opposed to any revolutionary change, which could not but depreciate property, at least for a time. There are, for instance, near 400,000 slaveholders in the South. These men are necessarily opposed, as a body, to disunion, for disunion would depreciate slave property at least thirty to fifty per cent. From the calculations of statisticians, and the returns of the census, it appears that the South contains nearly 600,000 land and house owners who are not owners of slaves; and that the North contains over two millions of individuals who own either land or houses, or ships or steamers. The figure is large, but the census returns bear it out. Here are three millions of property holders of one kind or another, whom disunion would embarrass if not ruin, and to whom — reasoning with regard to the aggregrate — the bare idea of a revolutionary contest would be utterly abhorrent and shocking. Our disunionists must not look to these classes, therefore, for comfort and sympathy.

But neither can they appeal to the remaining million with a better prospect of success. No man who has a business established — whether he own property or no — can afford to regard lightly a revolutionary prospect, which would convulse the financial world, shut the banks' door on him, curtail his sales, and ruin his customers. Every business man desires peace and tranquillity; they are the life and soul of his success. Nor can a man, who, without being in business, owns stocks in banks, railroads, or State securities, contemplate a political convulsion without terror. For revolution means the depreciation of every security, and the ruin of many; men cannot be reasonably expected to aid a consummation which would cost them half or perhaps the whole of their income. We must therefore exclude from the remaining million all business men not property owners, and all individuals having money invested in securities of any kind. What remains?

Really, the only persons in this country who have neither property nor a fixed business, nor money invested, nor interest of any kind in any established trade, are a few poor raw emigrants who work at manual labor, and a very few spendthrift and worthless natives. These are the only persons in the country who could afford to embrace the doctrines of the Charleston *Mercury* or the Worcester Convention. And as these classes are both ignorant and heedless, it is quite unlikely that even they could be relied upon for votes at a political crisis.

Where then is the party or parties to come from, which is to give importance to the disunionist doctrine? We confess that, under the existing franchise, we cannot answer this question. There will always be in the country a few discontented and sickly-minded persons who will embrace this and that insane novelty, and will ride it to death in due time — such men as the Garrisons of Massachusetts, and the editors of the *Mercury* in South Carolina. But they are all captains; where is their army to come from? Echo answers indeed: where?

There was never a time when the intense conservatism of the American people was more essential, more beneficial, or more universal than it is at the present day. We require absolutely nothing to insure us the most unbounded prosperity but a sensible conservative course. And nothing could satisfy the public that the present administration is pursuing that course in a judicious manner so well as the abuse that is lavished upon it by such impracticable fanatics as the Charleston *Mercury* and the Worcester Convention. — *New York Herald.*

A DISUNION ORATOR.

Yale College is not to be held responsible for it, however much she may be dishonored by the fact, that an avowed disunionist, in the person of Wendell Phillips, was called to address the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at her late Commencement. With the indiscretions of a public meeting of graduates, or undergraduates, the authorities of a college cannot be supposed to be identified. If they were allowed to select the speaker, we cannot suppose that such a man would be called upon to mar the festivities of such an occasion as the late Commencement, with his radicalism and insolence. That he is an *orator* is no reason why he should be permitted to occupy such a place at such a time. *He is not a friend of his country; he is not a friend of the truth.* He hates the Constitution; he spits upon the memory of Washington. Such a man, though he could speak with the tongue of angelic eloquence, should not be called upon to speak in the hearing of the youth of our colleges. We are pleased to know that in New Haven these views have still a hold, and that the *Register* thus utters its manly and decided sentiments: —

'Wendell Phillips, who denounced the Constitution of the United States, two years ago in Brewster's Hall, as a "wicked instrument" — who has since slandered the fair fame of the "father of his country" — and whose name is now conspicuously attached to a call for a traitorous convention at Worcester, to take into consideration the dissolution of the Union, was called here by one of the leading societies of Yale College, (the Phi Beta Kappa) to inaugurate the Commencement Exercises, on Wednesday evening, by an oration in the North Church. We understand that one of the main objects of his discourse was to denounce Edward Everett for his (Mr. Everett's) eulogy on Washington, in aid of the Washington Monument Fund. * * * No one will pretend that Wendell Phillips would ever have been thought of for a Commencement orator, but for his well-known hostility to the American Constitution, and all who ever favored it. His demagogue displays in Brewster's Hall, no doubt brought his name up for the Yale Commencement orator. Mortified as the true friends of the college must be at such a selection, and as every patriotic citizen must be, it will nevertheless have some good effects.'

We hope it may. But we are quite sure that no good effects can follow such demonstrations, to compensate for the mischief they work. Our Colleges should aim at being the conservators of public sentiment, and so far as their influence can be exerted, it ought ever to be on the side of patriotism and sound morals. (!!) — *New York Observer.*

☞ Referring to the Call for a Northern Disunion Convention, the New York *Observer* piously says —

'Give these men rope enough and they will hang themselves. Or, if they take one step to *do* what they pretend to be attempting, the State will hang them. To talk treason in our country is permitted to traitors and madmen; to act it is another matter.'

SELECTIONS.

A GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY BOOK — LETTER FROM A LADY.

To the Editor of the Boston Traveller:

I have been rather surprised not to see any mention in your columns of the 'AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FEMALE SLAVE;' — a book which, both by its contents, and the circumstances of its authorship, seems to me one of the most important yet published, notwithstanding 'Uncle Tom's Cabin;' I repeat it, one of the most important books ever published touching the Slavery question.

The genius of Mrs. Stowe, which has mingled with her woful plot one of those things of beauty that are a joy forever, in the character of little Eva, has indeed carried to the ends of the earth some sad scenes, which we do not wonder should suggest, by the intensity of evil they imply, the idea that art had exerted its power to exaggerate fact. But it will awaken new interest in the 'Autobiography of a female Slave' to know that its author, *herself a slaveholder*, commenced writing the book because she thought Mrs. Stowe had drawn too favorable a picture; and had left it to be inferred that cruelty was the exception, and not the rule of the system, and the family of Shelby one quite common at the South. There is not one painful incident in the 'Autobiography' which was not a fact! and it has been one great object of the writer to show what monsters the system makes of *women*, who, even in the higher rank of life, whip their slaves themselves, and sometimes to death!

One of our distinguished lecturers has said, 'Women are more intense than men, and so *better* if good, but *worse* if bad.' Slavery makes greater monsters of women than of men, except in those cases where it makes them sufferers — suffering more than men, also, by reason of this same intensity of temperament. The author of this work was one of those sufferers from childhood; an Eva who has grown up; and, with no teacher but her own heart and mind, she has developed in her own person an abolitionist out of the bosom of a slaveholding community; one who, single-handed and alone, has not hesitated to begin the great work of emancipation by herself leading the way — and who has impoverished herself entirely, rather than live at the expense of that liberty, which is the life of life to every human being. Here is a testimony, — in spite of self-interest, and from the deepest knowledge, — which cannot be gainsayed; for to hold it up, severs all the author's ties of family and friendship!

The book, too, as a mere story, has a thrilling interest. It is woven together with a natural talent which has relieved its horrible facts by some ideal characters, that enable one to *bear* it — and the style is in keeping with the assumed autobiographer, who is by no means an impossible character among slaves.

If the newspapers of the Republican party would do their duty in bringing into notice this work, (as well as the 'Life of Peter Still,' which is in no sense an ideal but an entirely real biography,) they would most effectually serve their cause. And the sale of the 'Autobiography' will put into its author's hands the means of doing a good to the living, suffering 'chattels' themselves, which is not to be measured by human measurement.

Why does not the publisher of the book scatter it broadcast over the land? Is he afraid he might injure his other publications in the Southern market? Even if it *did*, he would be more than compensated; for the 'ower true tale' would run like wild-fire over the whole North, were it once well set going. 'Uncle Tom' had the advantage of being published in chapters in the National Era, before it was offered to the public, or it might not have gone so fast and far as it did.

Pray do your best to help the 'young martyr,' as Mr. Seward calls her in a letter that I have just seen from his pen. Whoever buys the book, will *directly* help to make 'the bond free.'

From the New York Evening Post.

A TWO-EDGED SWORD FOR CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY.

We take pleasure in furnishing Chief Justice Taney with the following extract from a law of Massachusetts, passed in 1788, just about the time of the adoption of the Constitution. How could he have overlooked so notable a proof that negroes at this time were not supposed to have any rights 'which the white man was bound to respect'?

It will be observed that this law furnishes an illustration of the low esteem into which the African race had fallen in Massachusetts at the period in question. And it will also be noticed that it puts upon record the opinion of the State of Massachusetts, in 1788, that negroes were at that time citizens in some of the United States.

It may perhaps be this double-edged property of the argument, now presented to the Chief Justice, that prevented the use of it in his opinion.

Here is the law, which we offer to the Chief Justice, with our compliments: —

'No person, being an African or Negro, other than a subject of the Emperor of Morocco, *or a citizen of some one of the United States*, shall tarry within this Commonwealth for a longer time than two months; and if any person so tarry for a longer time, he shall be ordered to depart; and, if he disobey, he shall be imprisoned at hard labor till the next Sessions of the Peace, when, if convicted, he shall be whipped with stripes not exceeding ten, and ordered to depart within ten days; and so on *toties quoties*.'

SLAVERY AS PROTECTED BY LAW.

In defiance of the general agreement of 'National' men of all parties to 'suppress agitation' and 'preserve the Union,' the following 'incendiary' paragraph appeared in the last N. Y. *Express*: —

'A negro belonging to Longan Harbor, in Chicago, in the State of Mississippi, arose in the night, and killed his wife by chopping off her head, after which he hung himself to a tree near the house. The reason for this horrible deed was, that his wife a beautiful quadroon, was obliged to submit to the sensual caprices of her master.'

We defy any one to devise or give currency to a more 'sectional' and exciting item than the above. Here is a poor, ignorant, helpless black man, whom the law deprives of every dollar of his earnings, — of every rag of clothes on his back — of his own children — of everything but his wife; and his master improves on the law's iniquity, and takes her also, leaving to the wretched negro but that last resource of the wronged and impotent — death. And of this resource he, whether for good or evil, avails himself. What was Hamlet's tragedy, or Othello's, to this nameless negro's?

Bear in mind that it is not the fact of 'man's inhumanity to man' that invests this case with its most horrible aspects — for men have been tyrants and lechers these thousands of years; they are so to-day in New York or New England as well as in Mississippi. It is *the law's complicity with the criminal* — the protection and shield which it throws over his most iniquitous acts — that renders the affair so appalling. In New England, Mr. Longan Harbor would, under the circumstances, have been dealt with as a ravisher and adulterer; in Mississippi, he is but 'doing what he likes with his own,' and thus enforcing obedience to the Southside exposition of the text, 'Servants, obey your masters.' Hence the pained surprise wherewith all thorough conservatives will have read the above paragraph in the columns of the *Express*. — *New York Tribune.*

THE BOSTON COURIER.

The Boston *Courier* is the best exemplification we know of that Conservatism which opposes all Reform and Progress, and blames Reformers for all the evil which they fruitlessly struggle to prevent. Here is a specimen of its logic: —

'Oregon, it is apprehended, may come into the Union as a Slave State. *If it should be so, the event may justly be charged to the account of the general agitation of the subject of Slavery.* We have the best Anti-Slavery authority for saying that this agitation has not yet gained an inch of free soil. It will, on the other hand, be accountable for whatever enlargement of the area of Slavery may ensue. Anti-Slavery agitation is not a negative principle, by any means. If its advocates admit that, after so many years of active operation, it has failed to secure an inch of free soil, its opposers may fairly assume that its influence has been in the other direction. There may possibly be some truth in the remark that, if there be anything worse than Slavery, it is Anti-Slavery.'

Of course! And if there is anything worse than Intemperance, it is Temperance; if there is anything worse than Libertinism, it is Anti-Libertinism; and if there is anything worse than Murder, it is Anti-Murder. Has all the opposition to Crime ever secured to a single township perfect immunity from Crime? And if men persist in killing one another, shall we not lay the blame on 'the general agitation of the subject of killing'? By all means.

Three years ago, nobody dreamed of Oregon ever becoming a Slave State, while it was exceedingly probable that Kansas would be nothing else. Since then, agitation with regard to Slavery in Kansas has been active and constant, while next to nothing has been said about Slavery in Oregon. As a result, we feel great confidence that Kansas, though now enslaved, will become a Free State, while there is serious doubt as to the triumph or defeat of Slavery in Oregon. The *Courier's* logic will not adapt itself to these notorious facts. — *N. Y. Tribune.*

From the Chicago Tribune.

KIDNAPPING OF FREE NEGROES.

CAIRO, Ill., July 19, 1857.

Our town has been for the last few days subject to one of the occasional excitements, without which we could not live.

It has for some time past been rumored that some of our old citizens, supposed to be connected with a similar gang on the Missouri side, were engaged in the business of kidnapping free negroes, running them over to the Missouri shore, and there selling them. Nothing, however, was definitely known, until last week, when it was discovered that two free negroes had been taken over for the purposes of sale; one of them swam the Mississippi River, and returned naked to Cairo, beaten and horribly mangled about the head.

Since that time, and perhaps before it, the same gang, with others, have been engaged in a warfare with the free negroes of the town, shooting at them from the woods, endeavoring to break into their houses, &c. On Saturday night, a party of white men attacked a house situated near the Methodist church. They commenced by breaking in the doors and windows, were fired upon by the negroes, and returned the fire, and upon the negroes precipitately fled. One of the negroes was slightly wounded in the back, and one of the white men had one side of his face shot off, whether by his friends or the negroes, is not known. The furniture of the house was entirely demolished, and about a dozen pistol-balls were left within it.

Sunday morning the Mayor called together the citizens who were in favor of law and order, and a posse of thirty or forty was selected, divided into two bands, who proceeded to search for the rioters. Three were arrested, viz., J. Q. Stancil, Thomas Ewing and —— Gattlin. All were committed until Monday for examination. On Monday they were admitted to bail until Tuesday morning, when they were examined before the Police Magistrate, and all but Thomas Ewing discharged. In the afternoon, all three were again examined under a charge of kidnapping, and were held to bail to answer that charge.

During the day many called for the expulsion of all the free negroes from the town, and two were arrested under the 'Black Law.' They were both fined — one $25, and the other $50 — paid their fine, and left town. The free negroes then took the alarm, and fled precipitately, most of them taking refuge in Mound City.

The same evening, the excitement of the people requiring something to vent itself upon, it was remembered that one Dr. William Wood, who had once been cowhided, and once run off from the town, was a disgusting object, particularly with respect to assertions he had made about a young lady in town, and the populace resolved upon tar-and-feathering him. When this determination was made known, the Mayor and several of the principal citizens waited upon the individual, caused him to sign a paper declaring that every assertion he had made by affidavit or otherwise with regard to the young lady in question was false, and he left on the evening train. Nothing further of excitement has occurred to date.

HORRIBLE BARBARITY.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Times* says: —

'In your last week's issue, I notice an account from the Nashville *Democrat* of the killing of a negro by Erskine Mansfield. The account given in the *Democrat* was a wretchedly garbled affair, nor were half the barbarities connected with the event even alluded to. There were savage acts of barbarity connected with the killing of that negro, that should stamp with eternal infamy not only the perpetrators of the crime, but all who were accomplices after the fact 'in the bloody deed.'

'I had hoped, for the honor of the country, that no account of the transaction would be given by the public press. Having gained admittance there, it is but right that the whole truth should be known, and that the guilty party, and they alone, should suffer the withering scorn and contempt of an indignant public.

'Three negroes had escaped from Missouri, and a reward of $300 each, or $900 for all, was offered for their recovery. They were pursued without legal process. The pursuers, having passed them, were returning to Nashville, when the parties met. The testimony given states that they were ordered to surrender, when they rushed upon their pursuers, and Mansfield fired in self-defence — killing one of the negroes. The statement was made that the negro, rushing upon Mansfield, was in close contiguity to him, but the shot were much scattered. The body was taken to Nashville, and an inquest held upon it, the result of which you know.

'I am informed, by a gentleman of credibility, that, during the progress of the inquest, he, happening in town, inquired of one of the magistrates before whom Mansfield was acquitted what was being done.' 'They are,' said the dignitary, 'tryiug which is of the most value to the community, a Black Republican or a dead negro.'

'The next morning the grocery rabble carried the corpse out for burial, singing, and drumming on the coffin the tune of 'Uncle Ned.' Subsequently, a part at least of this same crew assisted the kidnapper in exhuming the body, when the head was drawn across the corner of the coffin, and with an axe was dissevered from the corrupting remains, and, being placed in a vessel of spirits, was taken to Missouri. 'How long, O Lord! how long?

'Diabolical as is this outrage, and revolting to all human sensibility, yet are we reluctantly compelled to acknowledge that all this happened in and about Nashville, Ill. After all, neither are the citizens of Nashville or Washington County deserving of the charges you bring against them. The great majority of the citizens of the County, of whatever political opinion they may be, are unanimous in condemnation of the bloody deed, and characterize it as fit only to emanate from devils incarnate. The honest German, from whose shop the axe was taken with which to decapitate the dead body, was so horrified at the act that he refused to receive it again upon his premises.

'After all, vindicating, as we do, the people of the County, we are constrained to acknowledge that there exists about our county seat a political clique (of the Captain Rynders and Tom Hyer school) who make use of this same grocery rabble to subserve their selfish purposes, to the rejection of honest men of their own political creed.

'The affair, however, is not yet over with. Our Court holds its session next month: we will then see if the people will suffer such villanies to be perpetrated in their midst with impunity.'

The editor of the *Chicago Tribune* says:

'Here is a fugitive from a life-long and compulsory service. His heart throbbing with an irrepressible desire for liberty, a love of which is planted within him, he flies to Illinois, pursued by human bloodhounds, that are on his track. They get scent of their prey, and put other hounds on scent also. They overtake the trembling man on the highway, accompanied by two of his fellows, and, *without warrant or process of law*, attempt an arrest; the panting fugitive makes another effort to elude his pursuers, and is shot dead in his tracks. He is buried that his dead carcass may not taint the air; but hardly is he in his grave before evidence of his death is demanded; his body is rolled out, his head is severed from his trunk with an axe, and the Democracy look on and cry Amen! to all that is done! A Justice's Court sits for the examination of the hired murderer; the death and its horrors are glossed over with less care than would be bestowed upon a case of hog-stealing; the self accused is 'honorably' and 'promptly discharged'; the 'Democratic' organ praises the nobleness of the action, and the justice of the acquittal, and goes on, in the next article to that in which the tragedy is described, to another defence and laudation of Douglas! Yet we live in Illinois, and this is the nineteenth century!'

TWO PREACHERS EXPELLED FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

From the Monroe, Michigan, Commercial, July 29.

'EMANCIPATED. Geo. C. Mendenhall, Esq., of Guilford county, N. C., has just brought a company of ten slaves into Ohio to be liberated. This is the third company he has brought. He originally owned about eighty slaves, worth seventy thousand dollars, and has already liberated fifty of them. The balance he designs setting free at an early day, and will locate the whole number on farms in Logan and Morlow counties, Ohio. He was the attorney for Messrs. Crooks and McBride, the Wesleyan ministers who were driven from North Carolina some years ago by mob violence.'

Our readers may not be aware of the circumstances under which Messrs. Crooks and M'Bride went to North Carolina, and the reasons of their expulsion therefrom. We will give a few of them. A portion of North Carolina is strongly anti-slavery, and in that part above named, a few classes of the Wesleyan Methodist denomination were found, and being in need of clergymen, they sent North for some. Messrs. Crooks and McBride, who then belonged to the Ohio Conference, responded to the call. They were both very earnest anti-slavery men, but possessed sufficient judgment not to excite the slaves by any means whatever, or to behave in any sense in a way which ought to call down upon them the anger of any community. They preached against slavery *in a perfectly legitimate way*, in their own congregations, where they had a right to, and where they were allowed to by the persons to whom they had gone to preach the gospel. Among this number were many men of influence and wealth, and, strange to say, many of their hearers were slaveholders, who took no exception to the question of slavery being thus treated in the pulpit.

After a while, the news began to spread among the fire-eaters, that the abolitionists were preaching in such and such neighborhoods, and consequently they must attend to vindicate their laws! Their presence made no difference in the matter or manner of the discourses. Their threats had no effect otherwise than to excite the congregations of Crooks and McBride to a more determined defence of their chosen pastors. They were even willing, when the pro-slavery fanatics came armed and exasperated for the purpose of breaking up the meeting, to take up arms and oppose violence with violence. This their ministers dissuaded them from doing, being perfectly conscious that they had done nothing contrary to the letter or spirit of the law of the State, and not anticipating the violence to which the mob would go. The mob was composed, in part, of members of various churches, led on by a class-leader in the Methodist church, and stimulated by sundry deacons, elders, &c., of other churches.

They broke up the meeting, and most shamefully treated the ministers, made them prisoners without any legal process, and cast them into prison, granted them no trial whatever, although they and their counsel demanded it, and were willing to abide by it, and finally a select committee took them to the borders of the State, and told them to leave, and never return at the peril of their lives. Their congregations were enthusiastically fond of them, and true to the last, wanting to rescue them from jail, and promising to send armed forces to protect them in their journey to their different appointments. But they would consent to no violence on the part of their friends, and thinking that, under existing circumstances, they could not be useful, they returned to Ohio. McBride recently died at Leoni in this State, partly from disease contracted by exposure in North Carolina. Crooks is preaching in Ohio. He but recently recovered his library, which was preserved from pillage and destruction by the faithfulness of his friends. He claims that his preaching was perfectly open, fair and legal, and they admitted it, but were bound to suppress abolitionism, as they called it. The extract at the commencement of our article reminds us of the facts in the case, and we could not refrain from relating them, as nearly as we remembered them. McBride had a letter in reference to the subject in Mrs. Stowe's Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, which our readers may have seen.

THE LATEST KENTUCKY MOB.

The following is a letter from Rev. JOHN G. FEE, giving an account of the recent outrage upon him.

BEREA, Madison Co., Ky., July 21, 1857.

You are aware that not long since we erected a meeting-house in Rockcastle county. As the weather grew more pleasant, the congregation became larger and more attentive. A few weeks since, we had a protracted meeting, which resulted in the conversion of some ten persons, who united with the church. Since then, three more have been added. The prospects for a good church were daily increasing. The Slave Power, through irresponsible men, sought to arrest its progress by burning our meeting-house. This they did in the dead of the night. At the next regular meeting, June 21, a number of reckless men were around the outskirts of the congregation, evidently intending no good. There was no special violence that day, but we learned next day that violence had been intended.

Yesterday, (Sabbath,) many of these men, with others alike irresponsible, while I was preaching, (in an unoccupied dwelling-house,) entered, with threats of death and with hands on their weapons. The leading man drew a repeater, presented it at me, and ordered others to take hold of me. By superior force they dragged me from the house, tearing my clothes, and injuring my person slightly. I resisted, as I usually do, because I wished them to know I do not surrender a single right willingly, and because I wish the cause might be as clearly obnoxious to law as possible. I did not attempt to injure any one. I do not at any time carry weapons. They led me off about one mile on foot. Most of the mob were on horseback; some had pistols drawn a part of the time.

Here they rested until my horse was brought. One excellent sister, whom I shall ever remember for her true kindness, walked close by my side this distance.

My horse having arrived, they resolved to take me out of the county, with demands that I should not again enter it. This I told them plainly and repeatedly I would not promise — that I was now in their hands, controlled in action by superior force, but the surrender of a right or duty I should not for one moment promise. They then marched me some seven or eight miles, amid jeers, taunts, and low vulgarity, to the town of Crab Orchard, in an adjoining county. Brothers McLain and Richardson, who had come from their labors in Pulaski county the evening previous, and were at the meeting, resolved to go with me and witness my fate. Some of the mob threatened them with cowhiding, imprisonment and death. Part of the time they walked, and part of the time rode behind the mob, sharing their verbal abuse. Had all the rest of the friends, male and female, resolved to share with me my fate, as these brethren did, I believe the mob would have been much embarrassed. But they did what they thought was best. This might have made their condition and my own worse.

As we marched along the road, slaves looked on with mingled expressions of amazement and sorrow — masters with laughs and jeers. One impenitent man, with some nobleness of countenance, showed me an act of kindness which much affected my heart.

Another man, who has been, and, I believe, now is, a professing Christian, offered me a cup of water. This, I told him, I should take in Christ's name. He answered, 'Yes,' and said to the crowd, 'I believe he is a good man, but deluded.' Afterward he advised that I be taken out of the county on the underground railroad to Crab Orchard.

Our protracted march gave me opportunities for extended conversations with several of the mob about the treatment of myself, the slave, and concerning their souls' salvation. It also gave me an opportunity to ask myself, 'Can you now not only feel sympathy for the poor slave, who is often much more brutally dragged, cuffed and abused than I am, but can you now *love your enemies*, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you?' I felt that I did do this, and told the leading men so.

When we arrived at the town of Crab Orchard, the people gave the mob no cheering reception; the whole thing fell flat. We bade them good afternoon, came to the house of a friend three miles distant, where we obtained some refreshments, and spent the night.

To-morrow, brother McLain and myself expect to pass through the neighborhood of our meeting yesterday, to appointments in Pulaski county. Pray for us, that we may be wise and faithful. God will make this wrath of man to praise him. This, I hope, will waken up the righteous indignation of good men, as Border Ruffianism in Kansas did.

A few Christian families from the free States, settling here, would soon put things on a right basis.

Must we despair of emigration because there is not the prospect of gain that was found in Kansas?

On Monday, when we returned to my house, we found a large company of friends had gone in search of us, supposing, from the last information, that we were yet in the hands of the mob.

The excitement is great in this and in Rockcastle county. The better part of the community, even many slaveholders, condemn the conduct of the mob.

From the Free Presbyterian.

THE ASSAULT UPON REV. JOHN G. FEE.

MR. EDITOR:—The writer went to Cummins, in Rockcastle county, last Sabbath, to hear Rev. J. G. Fee preach at his regular appointment. He had spoken about 15 minutes, when a violent mob of 30 armed men rushed in upon the congregation, and one of them, holding a revolver just before the breast of Mr. Fee, ordered two others to seize him. They struck him on the head, cursed him, and dragged him with the most insulting abuse to the door.—He seized the door casting; they tore him from there, wrenching his arm severely, and tearing his coat nearly off his back. They stood with arms, and drove back all who offered any resistance. They proceeded about two miles, and halted; here they discussed what to do with the victim. Some proposed to hang him, some to kill him, &c., &c. Two of his friends only went with him through all—J. C. Richardson and the writer. They here threatened us with whipping, lynching, &c., and proposed giving us 200 lashes with the raw hide. This was doubtless done to intimidate us. Finding that they could not succeed, they agreed we might go along, but not until I charged them with their lack of fidelity; for two men, the leaders of the mob, had pledged me their word and honor that I should go with Mr. Fee, and not be disturbed. Said I, 'What are your word and honor good for, if I can't go as you promised?' They consented we might go, but said it would be all the worse for us if we did.—They took us then, but forbade us speaking with each other, and marched us off out of Rockcastle county into Lincoln, where we arrived the same evening, Sunday. Here we were dismissed, but charged distinctly not to preach again in Rockcastle Co.

Why are Rev. J. G. Fee and his friends thus insulted, called horse thieves, nigger thieves, licentiates, &c.? Because he dared to exercise the constitutional right of liberty of speech, and his friends were insulted because they worshipped God according to the dictates of their consciences.

What is the freedom of our country good for when an orderly citizen and minister of the gospel is dragged along through the public highway like a manacled slave? What has been the effect of mob law on the value of property in Louisville, Ky.? The public journals there say she has lost millions thereby. What will be the result throughout any country where anarchy and misrule prevail? How long wil slave property be safe if the people of Kentucky, or any State, encourage such violence?—What is law good for if it cannot be enforced against such desperadoes? Sir, I have been among seamen, soldiers and boatmen, but never in the same space of time have I heard, I think I can safely say, one fourth the amount of obscene and vulgar language I was compelled to hear last Sabbath afternoon. And such is the state of things in Kentucky!

I am yours for liberty of speech,

J. M. McLAIN.

From the New York Evangelist.

THE SLAVE HUNTERS IN OHIO.

URBANA, Ohio, July 25, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS: *Dear Sirs*:—You have doubtless heard how several U. S. Marshals, with their posse, attempted to arrest a fugitive from Slavery at Mechanicsburg, in this (Champaign) county, in June last. The negro—a large, athletic man—resisted them so effectually that they, upon his first fire at them with a revolver, signally beat a retreat for Cincinnati. The citizens who witnessed the *boasted* prowess and heroism of the Marshals had the indiscretion to *smile*, and perhaps some even *laughed*. Whereupon the Marshals were very much incensed, and by the time they reached Cincinnati were perfectly enraged, and consequently not to be appeased until they had arrested *somebody*.

In a few days—the negro in the meantime having considered his life and liberty very insecure where there was *so much* liberty, had fled to the Queen's dominions—four or five Marshals and their attendants (numbering in all thirteen,) armed to the teeth, sprung upon the people in this village in a perfectly kidnapping manner, and arrested four of the citizens, handcuffed them, threatened their lives, and treated them like dogs, without, it is said, even showing their warrants or permitting the neighbors of the men arrested to know by what authority they thus molested the peaceful citizens of their quiet village, any farther than by the *declaration* that they were U. S. Marshals. A writ of *habeas corpus* was issued by our Judge here, and our Sheriff, with posse, started in pursuit. The Sheriff of Clarke county was the first to approach them officially with a similar writ, and only one attendant. He made known his business to them, whereupon they fell upon him and beat him most unmercifully, so that even as yet his life is despaired of. The next day, being again overtaken with a larger posse, they surrendered; and having been taken to Springfield by warrant, on the charge of resisting an officer, and also for assault and battery, and not choosing to give bail, were that evening sent to jail. In the meantime, the four men who had been arrested on the heinous (?) charge of *laughing*, though termed resistance, were brought back to Urbana, and the warrant examined by our Judge, and the next morning no one appearing to claim the prisoners, they were discharged. The Marshals, however, preferred to remain in prison until they were released on writ of *habeas corpus* issued by Judge Leavitt, of U. S. Court at Cincinnati. They were brought before him for a hearing, and discharged. His decision you probably have seen—a fine parallel to the Dred Scott decision, truly! In fact, it is even worse than Judge Taney's; for, instead of declaring only that the negro shall be enslaved and down-trodden, Judge Leavitt virtually declares that the *white man*, if not a U. S. officer, *may* be doomed to a like ignoble fate. It follows, as a proper deduction from his decision, that U. S. Marshals are a privileged class; that they can overawe and ride down all State powers and authority, and that their persons are inviolate! From his reasoning it is a necessary sequence that Federal officers are not to be molested, though they may violate State privileges, the rights of citizenship, or the most sacred ties of society, if, forsooth, they can only make it appear, or indeed *pretend* it to be necessary, in order to carry out their nefarious designs! He has taken upon himself the almost, if not entirely unprecedented responsibility of going back to the issuing of the warrant for the arrest of the Marshals for their murderous assault upon Sheriff Layton, and thereby declaring there were not sufficient grounds for making such arrest. Will liberty-loving men submit tacitly to such high-handed outrages? It remains to be seen.

Since that time, there have been more than twenty persons arrested on the charge of obstructing and resisting U. S. officers in the discharge (?) of their duties. A physician who was so treasonable as to dress the wounds of Sheriff Layton, has been arrested and bound over. The Marshals are to-day in the county making arrests. Among others, they have warrants for two men who happened to come out on the turnpike behind them in a buggy, on their way to Urbana, when the Marshals made their first arrest—not knowing that they were Marshals, even, or that they had arrested any one—and who did not in the least disturb them any farther than driving along behind them, and were themselves stopped in the highway and maltreated. The Marshals got out of their carriage, and met them with revolvers in hand, and threatened their lives in the most abusive manner if they did not turn about and go back. And whilst yielding to their threats and turning their horse around, one of them was struck by these drunken and overbearing officials. I mention these cases to let you and your readers know to what extent they are carrying matters. All who have had their hearing before the U. S. Commissioner, Newhall, thus far, have been bound over, and are now on bail of $1,500 each to appear before the next session of the U. S. Court.

The hearing of Judge Baldwin, of this place, who issued the first writ of *habeas corpus*, of Sheriff Clark, who served it, and of State Senator Brand, of this county, one of the posse of the Sheriff, has been put off till next Tuesday, (July 28) thus making *three* trips already to Cincinnati.

Such a *farce* and such an *outrage* upon the community and upon society, by Federal officers, inflated with, and boasting a little brief authority, have not probably been committed in any *State* during the history of our Republic, and are equalled only in Kansas!

When and where will it end, and life and property be safe? It has been a money-making operation for the U. S. Commissioners and Marshals thus far; but, if I mistake not, there is to be a re-action soon. If these drunken, swearing, swaggering sycophants, in the employ of the general Government, are, with impunity, to trample upon the sovereignty of the State of Ohio, to maltreat her officers in the faithful discharge of their duties without a question, and subject them to all the inconveniences and expenses of a hearing in a distant city, even without a *shadow of violated* law on their part, then well may we cry out for the spirit of '76 to defend us!

If those Marshals are not arraigned before our State tribunals to answer for her broken laws, and to pay the penalty for their crimes, then let us no longer celebrate in jubilee our country's Independance; our boasted privileges are gone;

'Our blood-stained Liberty is lost.'

But there is no reason, as yet, to expect such abject humiliation and leniency on the part of our State and its officers. I have every reason to believe that justice shall eventually, at least, be attempted, Judge Leavitt and his decision to the contrary notwithstanding. At any rate, I will *hope* for the best, though the worst come. F. M. D.

The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

BOSTON, AUGUST 14, 1857.

FIRST OF AUGUST CELEBRATIONS.

It is gratifying to perceive that the anniversary of West India Emancipation has been more widely celebrated this year than at any previous period. Having now completed the publication of the very perfect report of the proceedings at Abington, made by Mr. YERRINTON, we shall in our next paper give some sketches of the speeches made at the Hopedale celebration, as reported by Mr. COMSTOCK. It was an act of self-denial, on our part, to consent to lose the gratification of being at Abington, on that interesting occasion; but the pleasure we enjoyed on meeting with the tried and true friends of our cause, at the Hopedale gathering, richly compensated us for that loss.

We need not solicit a perusal of the speech of WENDELL PHILLIPS, which we print this week; for he never makes a speech, which, being printed, is not attentively and admiringly read by multitudes. The present one is of a very practical character; and we trust, as the time for an active fall and winter campaign is approaching, it will be the means of increasing the receipts, and thereby enlarging the operations of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and thus hastening to a speedy and glorious termination a conflict which ought to have been settled long ago, in favor of universal emancipation. [It will be seen, by referring to the donations and pledges obtained by MRS. A. K. FOSTER, in another column, that a very cheering beginning has been made in the raising of funds.]

AN EXPLODED SLANDER REVIVED.

That old, impudent and mendacious libeller, 'SIGMA,' (whose appropriate signature should be 'STIGMA,') of the Boston *Transcript*, is again at his dirty work in soiling the character of those, the latchet of whose shoes he is not worthy to loose. Every now and then, he affects an air of sanctity, and great regard for piety ('over the left')—but it is invariably for the purpose of ridding himself of an uncomfortable amount of wrathful and malicious feeling, which his choleric nature is constantly gendering, and which, if it could find no vent, would certainly suffocate him, and speedily lead to a 'crowner's quest.' At present, it is directed against the Metropolitan railroad, on account of the cars running on Sunday from Boston to Roxbury,—thus accommodating on that day some twelve or fifteen thousand people, who are quietly and expeditiously conveyed from one city to the other. It takes 'SIGMA' to give '*railing* for *railing*'; but not until the viper can eat and digest the file will he be able, we opine, to stop a mode of conveyance as indispensable as it is convenient.

In the *Transcript* of Saturday, in the course of a bitter and an abusive communication about the railroad aforesaid, and in derogation of our city authorities for not preventing the cars from running on Sunday, 'SIGMA' says:—

'The religion of people has far less to apprehend from direct assaults than from insidious approaches. The bludgeon is less to be feared than the stiletto. When Parker Pillsbury, some years ago, performed, in public, the ceremony of baptizing three dogs, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and when, at the Anti-Sabbath Convention, held in this city, a barbarian fron Worcester, named Foster, openly denounced the Sabbath; and stated, that, to show his contempt for it, it had been his practice to saw wood, in the view of those who were passing his dwelling, on their way to the meeting-house; we had no fears on account of such abominations. The awful wickedness and absurdity were too palpable for the production of any ill effect. On the contrary, it is quite likely, that some, who were prepared for what they considered a reasonable amount of rascality, recoiled from this clotted mass of stupidity and sacrilege. (!!!)

'We say there is little to be feared from such bold, brutal assaults upon the religion of any people. But the case is very different when the Mayor and Aldermen of Boston fold their official arms, and look composedly upon a palpable desecration of the Sabbath — a perfectly clear and intelligible violation of the laws of God and man!'

Now, this charge against Mr. PILLSBURY, 'SIGMA' knows to be false and malicious. Years ago, he reiterated it through the same medium; and it was then authoritatively contradicted over and over again; yet he renews it, with matchless effrontery, as though it were an undeniable statement! And he does this in connection with a sanctimonious reference to the fourth commandment in the Decalogue! Let this pious dissembler remember there is another commandment not less obligatory than the fourth—'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor'—for he is guilty of the foulest slander.

As for his attack upon Mr. FOSTER, it needs no other reply than this:—Believing with Luther and Melancthon, with Whitby and Paley, with Roger Williams and William Penn, with Priestley and Belsham, with Calvin and Whateley, that there is no warrant for sabbatizing in the Christian dispensation, Mr. FOSTER acts in accordance with his belief, 'being fully persuaded in his own mind.' Let 'SIGMA' show, by an appeal to the Old or to the New Testament, where the observance of the first day of the week as the Sabbath is enjoined either by God or man, either by Christ or his apostles; and if he cannot do this, let him 'hide his diminished head.'

☞ Below, we give a brief and emphatic denial of this lying statement, which was promptly sent to the *Transcript* by Mr. MAY, General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, but only a portion of which, (brief as it is,) the editor of that paper has been willing to publish:—

LEICESTER, August 8, 1857.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

DEAR SIR,—I am confident that you do not wish or intend to allow the *Transcript* to be made the vehicle of falsehood, or calumnious charges against any man's good name; yet the statement, in an article signed SIGMA, in your paper of this evening, that 'Parker Pillsbury, some years ago, performed in public the ceremony of baptizing three dogs, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,' is of this character; and I appeal to your sense of justice, right and honor, to allow me, as a friend of Mr. Pillsbury, so much use of your columns as is needful to pronounce the above words of SIGMA, *false in every respect*. The charge was originally made by a reckless writer, and has been, again and again, publicly denied and disproved. You probably would not allow me to say in the *Transcript* what I think of the person who, in these circumstances, dis-inters this falsehood, and infects good wholesome air with its pestilential odors. He ought to be a sexton of a *very* old school.

S. M. Jr.

☞ Our readers in Nantucket, and in Barnstable county, have not failed, we hope, to see the notices of Anti-Slavery meetings in their respective localities, during the coming two weeks. Let no man or woman, who loves the cause of Truth and Freedom, and who can possibly attend, be absent.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

At the Celebration of the 1st of August at Abington.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MR. YERRINTON.

MR. PRESIDENT:

I wish to second the motion of our friend, Mrs. FOSTER [for the raising of 'material aid.'] It is the most important consideration that can be presented to-day. I do not know how many of you consider yourselves Abolitionists, how many may be ranked as Republicans, or how many came here out of mere curiosity; but to those of you who consider yourselves pledged for the war, who mean not to relax your efforts until slavery itself goes down, who are willing the battle should be *New England against the Carolinas—God save the right!* no matter how long it lasts,—to you I speak. And yet I am almost ashamed to speak, after that voice to which we have just listened. I know, you know, that the self-sacrifice of her who has spoken shames us all; that if each of us had labored half as faithfully in our sphere as she has worked in hers, Massachusetts had been a very different State from what she is. Conversing with HENRY WILSON, a month ago, on the Republican policy and the nomination of Mr. Banks, he said, 'You know Massachusetts is not half so anti-slavery as she pretends to be, and we could not do any thing better.' I could not say but that he was right. Massachusetts is not half so anti-slavery as she pretends to be. It is our duty to make her more thoroughly so; and the only way by which we can do it is by constant, unceasing *agitation*. Great self-sacrifice, great effort and labor are demanded of us. I claim it of you, abolitionists, on two grounds. In the first place, we pretend to more than the politician does. He has merely a present end to serve; we have a great principle to plant, and make practical. The politician does not ask of the slaveholder what we do. He only asks him to yield the Territories; we ask him to yield his all. How can we look in the face of the slaveholder, whose social position, wealth, customary ease, family and children's future consequence, are all dependent on retaining his slaves, and claim that he shall obey an abstract, rigid rule of right, and yield these all, and then glance along our own ranks, and think how cold, poor and reluctant are our sacrifices to testify our real faith in the need and glorious good of this great change? It is an insult even to the sinners of the Carolinas for any one to claim of them the freedom of their slaves, until he has proved his own real faith and interest in justice and right by fitting sacrifice and effort to make them recognized and loved. Nine out of ten of you do not even sacrifice the ballot, although your efforts to defend it prove nothing but a conscience ill at ease. You are not ready to sacrifice it, although you ask of the slaveholder the sacrifice of every thing to the most rigid principle. How much do you suppose he can ever respect or trust you? We are bound to be more liberal and devoted than any other class; we are bound to this by the very nature of our demands. We ought to excel, in the self-devotion of our efforts, every other benevolent machinery that was ever instituted in New England. We are pushing truth, rigid justice, to its utmost extreme, and unless we show a corresponding life, we insult the community we address.

You know, very well, every one of you, Republican as well as Abolitionist, that the pulpit under which you sit, as at present constituted, cannot preach the anti-slavery cause. Every man of you recognizes the fact that the clergyman to whom you listen, by the very nature of his position, unless he incurs beggary, unless he preaches himself out of the pulpit, cannot preach radical anti-slavery. It is but a few months since that I rode a dozen miles with a clergyman who had preached himself out of two pulpits. I see before me an Abolitionist whose conscience has driven him out of two means of livelihood. But where shall I find here to-day the other nine such? Yet *every one* of you would feel at liberty to criticise the pulpit efforts of my clerical friend; every one of you would feel at liberty to show how short they were of what they ought to be. Earn the right by doing better than he in your own sphere. Has any one a right to criticise one morally above him?

Both your religion and your politics are in fetters. How is Anti-Slavery ever to be preached? You must preach it by your daily life, by your daily teaching, by the liberality with which you communicate the means to others to preach it. I know I am laying down a rule which requires great sacrifice;—yes; but when Democracy made you kings, it at the same time laid great responsibilities upon you; and these Democratic institutions of ours cannot be maintained in their purity, unless there be underneath the ordinary routine of common republican life, a spirit of martyrdom in the minority to go into the desert, like John the Baptist, and devote themselves to raising the community to a higher level. Other governments get along very well. Now and then they have a spasmodic fever fit, a martyr age. England had it in the Puritans, and in Wickliffe—France in the Huguenots—Italy in Rienzi and Savonarola—Germany in Luther and Huss; but too often that soon passes away, and the people sink back to their former level. But a Republic is different. There must be all the time a forlorn hope, willing to work without expecting reward or even appreciation, walking side by side with the majority, to save them from prostituted divines and corrupting politicians,—from the perilous influence of public opinion, making slaves of all it touches. It is the worst of tyrants—it is the American devil, this vassalage to public opinion; every man afraid of his fellow. To meet and crush it, you who think you see a little higher on the level of principle are bound to extraordinary efforts to manifest it, and sustain those who think they can sustain the age a little. The Abolitionist who has pledged himself for the war has a hard battle to fight. If he is not ready for it, he had better turn his back and go into the Republican ranks—he will find an easier place there. We want your money; if you believe what you profess, we have a right to it. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of you hire a seat in a church, and pay a pew-tax for yourselves, your wives and your children; and if you are Abolitionists, you believe that anti-slavery, though not everything, is yet better gospel than that preached in the meeting-houses; yet you give anti-slavery fifty cents, and the meeting-house five dollars. (Laughter and applause.) I met a man, the other day, in Worcester, after Abby Kelley Foster had spoken of the sacrifices which fidelity to our pledge demands, and this heroic reformer told me the cause had been no sacrifice to him. I thought he was about to express the lofty idea, that its value to his own soul, in the broader vision it had given him, more than compensated for all that it had cost; but, bless you! nothing of the sort. He added, 'When I belonged to the Church, and the Missionary and Tract and Bible Societies, it cost me thirty dollars a year; now I've quit them, I get along with giving you five.' (Laughter.) He was a come-outer, truly, from the whole of them, and his godliness was gain, since he saved twenty dollars by the experiment! And shame to say, many an Abolitionist does the like.

Now, if this principle which we preach be indeed the gospel, if it be, politically, the salvation of the country, if religiously it be the hope of the Church, if your interest and confidence in it are deep and strong, then we should not be obliged to stand here and plead for five or ten thousand dollars—the means of turning Massachusetts upside down. I asked an Ohio Member of Congress why Gov. Chase did not sustain the Supreme Court, and demand of them that they should arrest the drunken United States Marshals, and punish them by the law of Ohio? 'Sir,' said he, 'Gov. Chase would like well to do it, but there is not the public opinion to sustain him.' How is such a public opinion to be matured? Not by politicians, not by the Church, but by you and those who sympathize with you, from Massachusetts to Ohio, in radical Anti-Slavery feeling. We must take up this torch of hated truth, and flare it in the face of the nation. If we do not, with an earnestness proportionate to the occasion and the need, we not only shall not make any progress, but we shall lose what we have already gained. To-day, the French Emperor is proposing to re-open the slave-trade, and, judging by the debate in the English House of Commons, the feeling of the English public in regard to it is a weak and hesitating one. He proposes, by government machinery, to import negroes into the French West Indies. From the centre of Africa they are to be carried to the Colonies, and kept five years. See the unblushing hypocrisy of this scheme! Fancy the scene, and Punch is the only page worthy to show it. A French captain, with a piece of paper in his hand, advances into the centre of an African village. He cannot speak a word of their language; they cannot speak a word of his. Holding a large law-sheet of paper in his hand, he says to them, always by signs, 'Here is a contract, by which you are to serve five years in the French colonies; you are to have a franc a week.'—They never saw a franc; they do not know whether it is a potato, a pomegranate, or an insect. They are to be made to sign the contract. How is the barbarian to assent to the contract—what neighboring Probate Court is to appoint a guardian to assent for him—when signed, where is the paper to be kept? The man cannot keep it in his pocket, for he has no clothes. Where is he to put his franc?—in an iron safe? Who is in the West Indies to testify after the five years' apprenticeship has ended—that he is the man who made his mark on the banks of the Niger? The plan is ludicrous in its hypocrisy, as well as devilish in its wickedness. It is simply a government scheme to restore slavery; and against this scheme the British public is hardly to be roused. Why?—Because the anti-slavery of Great Britain never was planted on the granite of radical principles; it never shook England as ours has shaken these thirty States. It made no change in the character of the English people. It was spasmodic and superficial—not a radical movement. They never dared to meet the subject in its length and breadth, and the moment the act of emancipation was passed, almost all trace of the struggle vanished. All honor to those who have sprung with Old World fidelity to meet the crisis, and are trying to keep spotless the trophies of the noblest triumph even England ever gained. It gladdens our hearts in our own darkness, to see the old standards flashing across the European sky. The trumpet note that rung out by the side of Wilberforce and Clarkson still demands justice, and holds England to old honor in the voice of Brougham. And Harriet Martineau's pen, as always, moves first. She, whose keen insight, and thorough knowledge of American affairs, never at fault, as well as her unflagging and zealous industry under such severe illness, would surprise even us who know her, did we not know also how near the slave is to her heart.

The same commercial and political temptation which has cooled and confused England, is bearing the American mind backward with constancy and strength, and we have need yet of fanaticism to resist it. Men say we are crazy. I wish every man here was indeed crazy, and would go through Massachusetts and New England, and bite every one he meets. (Laughter.) And even then, there would be hardly insanity enough in New England to balance State Street. We need intense personal and class excitement to drag forward this immense weight of calm that commerce and self-interest lay on the heart of the nation. And in order to do that, you yourselves, indoctrinated in a rude, radical gospel, are bound to supply the means to send it to every part of the country. Here sits our friend Foss. They want him at the West. He can collect thousands in Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois. There is the grandest, the whitest, and the richest harvest-field. Unless Anti-Slavery digs it up, Douglas will be re-elected. I saw a distinguished citizen of Illinois a few days ago, and asked him, 'Have you much hope of putting down Douglas?' 'Not very much,' he replied, 'he lies too fast. (Laughter.) We cannot keep up with him.' The Republicans of the West dare not compromise themselves by an alliance with radical Garrisonian anti-slavery. They have endeavored to save the State by arguing about Kansas and the Missouri Compromise; but Douglas, by one of his teetotal lies, digs round under their feet, and blows them sky-high. But if they had undertaken to educate the people in that teetotal anti-slavery which we have taught in Massachusetts, it would be an education that might give hope that such as Douglas would not be suffered longer to disgrace the State in the Senate.—Here in Massachusetts, the attempt is making to thrust Banks down the throat of the Republican party; and, thank God! he don't go down easily. There is a large minority in the county of Worcester who refuse to touch him, even at the risk of breaking up the Republican party, and securing the election of Gardner. Let us be grateful for so much! I had rather have the Republican party beaten, than by such base subserviency to the expediency of the hour learn that they can make principle the mere appendage to interest, and triumph under it. When they have learned the lesson that this campaign will teach them, they will learn that even *they*, with all their vast experience of that kind, cannot bargain so adroitly but that the devil, in the shape of the present Governor, will cheat them. (Loud applause.) Do not say I am personal, in speaking thus of Governor Gardner. O! no not personal. To the making of a person there must be a heart. He is a mere mask, a phantasm, a night-mare—that has rested for three years on the Commonwealth; the moment you wake the people from the dream they are dreaming, that this is an Anti-Slavery State, and make them in reality what they only dream they are now, they will get rid of the night-mare—and I hope they will not before.

Do not blame me when I speak thus of Henry J. Gardner. What is the duty of the minority? Do not blame us when we speak bitterly as we can of the man who makes Anti-Slavery his lying step up to office. What is the duty of a minority in this country? A minority has no right to rebel. On Republican principles, it is not only not expedient to rebel, but we have no right to rebel. The majority have said the thing shall be so. What is our duty? It is not to resist, it is to convert. And how shall we convert? If the community is in love with some monster, we must paint him truly. The duty of a minority being to convert, every tool which the human mind knows, it is their right and duty to use; a searching criticism, pitiless sarcasm, bitter invective, rigid analysis of motives, constant recurrence to the admitted facts of a man's career,—these are our rights, if our function is to save the people from delusion. It is no malice, it is no personal bitterness of feeling, therefore, that causes this constant criticism. When the people's cause is endangered, when justice is outraged, when the right is invaded, that man is not a Christian, he is a fool, who shows himself peaceful; we are never to be silent, never to be appeased, never to be any thing but implacable. We are to seize the criminal by the hand of the law, if possible; and if not, we are to make the public press and history seize him, and scourge him from day to day with the red hot iron whip of truth, and let history brand him on the forehead as a traitor to justice and the people. No matter how long he lives, nor how soon he dies; we cannot afford even the luxury of forgetting him. Buried as Webster is at Marshfield, the great apostacy of the last years of his life is too mighty a fact by which to test the American people to allow us to forget him. With the slave's eye on us, we have no right to forget him. He is an apostate to his New England, who lets these bones rest in peace. Not until I can take the evil that he did, and cover it forever with the green sod that covers him, shall I cease to criticise him. Not until Henry J. Gardner is tenfold the dust he is to-day shall I forget the 'leprous distilment, squat like a toad,' he has poured into the ear of Massachusetts.

But I was speaking of funds;—that is our immediate duty to-day. Of what use is your listening to Anti-Slavery speeches, if you are not willing to enable us to send speakers through the State to arouse the people? Take Ohio or Illinois to-day. If half a dozen agents could be put into Illinois, strong in the virtue of Garrisonian Abolitionism, they could perhaps clutch the State from the hands of Douglas, and save him from going back to the Senatorship, and save him from being, *therefore*, President of the United States. For, let him once drop, and he never rises again. If we could do that, we should do, humanly speaking, one of the greatest services to the Anti-Slavery cause; for we should teach trading politicians that there is such a thing as trading too boldly, and that they may lose what they were attempting to traffic for. In this lull between Presidential canvasses, is the very time to do our work. In the agitation of political campaigns, men are carried away by the excitement. I know an Abolitionist who gave five thousand dollars towards the election of Fremont. HENRY WARD BEECHER said, in central New York, if his audience report truly, 'If Fremont is elected, I will be willing to shut up my mouth, and fold my hands, and never speak the word Anti-Slavery again so long as I live!' What do you suppose is the reliance to be placed on the intelligent appreciation, by such a man, of the actual necessities of the Anti-Slavery cause? What was to be gained for the slave by the election of John C. Fremont?—a man who, however bold, true and generous his heart, is publicly identified and committed to no Anti-Slavery method or plan of any efficacy? An Abolitionist gave five thousand dollars to a political canvass, and then, when ABBY FOSTER went to him, to ask him for means, in this interval between Fremont and a worse man, to save these thirty-one States from Douglas as the successor of the present President, told her—'Madam, I have no dollar to give you.' I said between Fremont and a *worse* man. Unless some one works, so it will be. We could to be sure afford to have large reason to be grateful for the choice of a man abundantly worse than Fremont, if he saved us from Douglas. Be sure party will give us a much worse man than Fremont, unless we co-operate with events in preventing it. Gratitude is sometimes tacit? Republicanism is not grateful enough to see that tact dictates adhering to tried names. The rewards she holds out to her leaders is the obloquy of one unsuccessful canvass, and then oblivion.

But, aside from this, how much is the Anti-Slavery intelligence of such a man as the one I have just alluded to worth? Having no scales to weigh Homœopathic pellets, I cannot precisely tell.

I am glad Fremont was not elected; very likely he will be an honest man in consequence; for a national President is necessarily a traitor, and cannot be otherwise. The time will never come, in my belief, when the President of thirty-one States, with New York for a centre, with fifteen States slaveholding, with seventy millions of revenue, with the history of the past behind him, can be any thing but the greatest slave in the nation. Buchanan is—Polk was—every previous President has been—a slave to a public opinion too strong for any individual to control.

That is my answer to the criticism we just heard from our friend Mr. CLARKE. I know very well how large may be the virtue of individuals; but there is an under current, there is an overwhelming array of circumstances, there is a temptation, that nobody can resist in this country of ours. It is not always virtue alone that makes an Abolitionist; it is not abolute vice that makes a pro-slavery man. They are too much the creatures of the places in which they stand. This is a very self-denying doctrine I am preaching, let me tell you,—this allowing so much to the influence of circumstances. I should be very glad to deny it, for if I could, I might claim a little more virtue than I am going to, in the instance to which I am about to refer. You know my brother MAY, and THEODORE PARKER, and JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, and other Unitarian clergymen that *burden* this platform, (laughter,) are constantly picking at me because I am Orthodox, and they are all the time pluming themselves on the aggressive, progressive character of the Unitarian denomination. They are always crying out—'Don't you see, here is a cloud of Unitarian clergymen, and you, poor one black sheep, are the only one to represent all the swelling Orthodox sects.'

Now I was at Yale College the other day. I am going to be generous, indeed I can easily afford to be. I shall not attribute all its Anti-Slavery superiority over Harvard to Orthodoxy. Oh no, Mr. President, other causes share in producing this good result.

The influence of the commercial capital is one of the greatest obstacles to our cause. To the absence of this, I am disposed largely to attribute the striking superiority of Yale College to Harvard on the spirit of those it educates, and the audience which crowds its Commencement exercises. Yale, you recollect, Mr. President, gave and took honor when, with generous appreciation, she conferred on CHARLES SUMNER the degree of L. L. D. a year ago. Harvard has not yet opened her eyes wide enough to see how large a space in the world's heart and history the son she graduated twenty-seven years ago has come to fill. Let us earnestly hope that the roar of the world's progress may wake her soon.

Meanwhile, Yale has no neighbor city to tempt, confuse and file away her moral sense. Accordingly, her young men seem awake and alive. At Harvard, I know, within a year or two, the most inoffensive allusion to Kansas was stricken out before the young speaker's composition was allowed to take its place among Commencement exercises, and hardly ever does one hear there any interest expressed in the great questions of the living present. This surely is noteworthy in the focus of that liberal Christianity, of whose bold, progressive spirit we hear so much boasting.

At Yale, on the contrary, the representative of those sects supposed to be essentially averse to progress, not only did one young graduate, in an effort of marked ability and great maturity of thought, finely delivered, do ample justice to the influence of German Idealistic Philosophy in the past, placing it at the head of the world's intellectual progress, but one third of the Commencement exercises had more or less direct allusion to the topics of the day. The President, whose pen, we all know, is no idle one, and whose subjects are neither a thousand miles off nor a thousand years back, had requested, at the outset, that there should be no applause; and for a while the audience yielded, confining their expression of interest to bouquets and wreaths thrown liberally at the feet of the speakers. But during the last half of the day, the silence of the pulpit on our question, the portentous wrong of the Dred Scott decision, the fate of Kansas trembling in the balance, the dastard, compromising spirit of American public life, became the subjects of direct, most emphatic and spirited rebuke, rung forth in tones of youthful, irrepressible eloquence. Then the enthusiasm of the crowd outran the programme of the unresisting President, and they welcomed the speakers, whose subjects, chosen by themselves, gave note of a treat to come with loud applause, marked each emphatic sentence with cheers, while flowers and plaudits together dismissed the young agitator at the close.

Stinging criticism of the pulpit, earnest appeals for outraged humanity, which would have sent half of Harvard hunkerdom plunging madly out of doors, only stirred there the most generous appreciation. I felt truly that to such young men, I had little need to say anything; their own deep earnestness anticipated all I could have said. If we, Mr. President, may claim that our thirty years of agitation have contributed, in any degree, to produce such a result, well may we be proud, as we rejoice in the momentous weight young men, educated under such influence, are destined to have in our country's future. Let Harvard look to her laurels, or Yale will educate *all the men* of the future.

Here are *circumstances*, you perceive. Yale College has no overgrown Boston to swallow it up. Yale College is too big to bet aken up bodily, and put away in the vaults of the State street banks, the day after Commencement, as Harvard always is; the consequence of which is, that when Harvard is taken out again, it is like a fresh guinea—glittering, and exceedingly cold. (Laughter and applause.) Yes, it is circumstances. Feeling very rich, however, I am disposed to be very generous with my Unitarian competitors. I do not believe that Orthodox Yale would be any better than Unitarian Harvard, if surrounded by the same temptations. It is trade that eats out the virtue of public men. That ate out all that was left of Robert C. Winthrop;—it was not much—it only served for a morning lunch. (Laughter.) Massachusetts is a great manufacturing and mechanical State. Every ounce of her water is fretted and used four times over before it reaches the sea, by the industrious hand of man making it turn now one wheel and now another, and it is tired to death before it gets to the ocean, and is allowed to rest. Well, every one of these mills manufactures, not only cotton, but hunker politicians and lower-law divines.

Mr. President, Maine is far ahead of us. Its Republicanism is a long stride ahead of that of Massachusetts. I was down there at the time of the Dred Scott decision, and it so happened that I found myself, one evening, in the public room of a hotel, and by my side were seated one of the judges of the State of Maine, talking treason as fast as he could. I should like to hear Judge Shaw talk in that fashion. The people of Maine are Yankees, and like genuine Yankees, they inquire after other people's business; and of course they have asked after the business of South Carolina, and they have come to the conclusion that her business is running out, and that it is their duty to look after her. When a Dred Scott comes up here, and the Supreme Court takes the side of the slaveholder, down on Long Wharf sits Commerce on her packages rubbing her hands, and saying, 'It is all right;' and presently the Church catches the key-note, and echoes, 'It is all right.' I remember that I carried the news of the Texas annexation down into that State, and told the President of an insurance office that Texas was annexed, and said he, 'That is a capital thing for freights.' (Laughter.) That was the only idea he had.

Yes, our very industrial success is our temptation. The more need that you, who think you have dragged your souls out of it, should not content yourselves with a little political agitation, but that you should go abroad, and endeavor to impress upon the people the absolute right and duty in regard to the Anti-Slavery necessities of the hour. You know as well I do, that Republicanism will never save this nation. It is no longer a Republic; any man who fancies it is is deluded. A Republic!—what is a Republic? A Republic is a government where the rulers are initiated by the votes of a majority of the people. A Republic is an educated community, where ideas govern;—ideas stamped into laws by the majority, and submitted to by the minority. Go to New York city—what governs it?—thought, statutes? No: bayonets govern it. The city has been under martial law for days, ruled by the police. It was only by ordering out a regiment, that the respectability of New York took the capital city of thirty-one States out of the hands of men, nine-tenths of whom had been in the public jails, and the other tenth deserved to have been. (Loud applause.) It is not a Republic. Where the bayonet is called in, it is a despotism, not a Republic. To-day, Kansas pulsates beneath the feet of armed men; it is not a Republic. Until arms are silent, Republicanism, or government, or law, does not exist. The South is not a Republic; for a government that meets opinion with any thing but argument has ceased to be a Republic. The South meets it with torture, with death. Men are bound to-day in fetters in fifteen States of this Union; in fifteen States, men are tarred and feathered for their opinions; and when a community is obliged to submit to that means of meeting ideas, it has ceased to be a Republic. No man can utter an Anti-Slavery sentiment in the South, except at the risk of being met with a coat of tar and feathers. It is not a Republic. There is only a fragment of these thirty-one States that deserves the name of a Republic. We are in a desperate case. It is only the parchment form of a Republic that we have. We have got the theory, not the fact. Here in Massachusetts, the majority rule through the ballot-box; so in Ohio and the N. E. States; but it cannot be said of many States, and those States only where it is true are Republics. 'A people may be robbed of their liberty in one hour, and not suspect it for a century.' I am not speaking any exaggeration when I say, that the government under which you live is a despotism. James Buchanan is not President of the United States. He has his influence on the government, as you and I have, but his will is of no effect. There is a power behind him, stronger than he is. That power is the organized robbery of the Southern States. Despotism is not to be met by any shifting, superficial politics,—not at all. You must educate the mind of Massachusetts, the mind of Ohio, the mind of the free States, up to the level of Revolution, up to a willingness to resist law, if necessary. I am going back exactly to the point on which I spoke on the Fourth of July. It is the great point to be pressed on every Anti-Slavery gathering. Why did not Ohio resist the United States government in the Margaret Garner case? Because she is not ready for revolution. Why did she not resist in the recent case between the United States Marshals and the State Government? For the same reason. Why does not Gov. Robinson resist Gov. Walker? Because the people of Kansas are not ready for revolution. I asked the last man I saw from Kansas,—a mill owner—'Are your people ready to resist the United States troops by muskets? If they point the muskets at you, and pull the trigger, are you ready to fire back?' 'Never,' said he. 'We went there to make money, to make a home. We are ready to do what we can, but we dare not resist the United States government, and we do not mean to.' He was a practical business man, speaking of the business men of the State. When men are owning land which doubles in value every month, and are getting rich merely by sitting still,—coining gold by breathing,—men born of Yankee fathers,—do you suppose they are likely to carry their principles to the limit of revolution? Massachusetts would not do it, why should they? I asked a man in Iowa, 'What are you going to do

rick every thing,—it is only then that they are fit to set examples to other States.

I do not know whether there are many here who have the least sympathy with what I am saying. If I thought there were a dozen, a score, or a hundred, I should be delighted. A hundred men could take up Massachusetts, and only give them time, they can make it what we want it to be, if we will stand shoulder to shoulder, and be faithful to the principle to which we consecrate ourselves. Public opinion, the soil of statutes, is not ruled by a majority, but by a few men acting in concert, and determined to have their own way, and who have gained from the community that confidence in the rightfulness of their judgment, which allows other men to let them do their thinking.

Now, although we may not reach the vast mass, it is possible that, in the current of events, we may be able to reach some, at least some, of those leading minds. I believe this administration will admit Kansas as a slave State. That is what they mean. Men all about here are apprehending that we shall hear news of a bloody fight in Kansas. Do not fear!—Never waste two cents in buying a newspaper, with the expectation of learning that fact. The South knows she has got the game in her own hands, and she is too sagacious a whist-player to play it so bunglingly as that. She has got the cards, and unless Walker gets too much whiskey, and does what he was not ordered to do, and does not mean to do, he will push forward the pro-slavery programme so incessantly, but so noiselessly, that he will not allow the Free State men any critical moment where they can rouse public opinion to resistance—no critical point or event which will rouse the sympathy of other States in their behalf; he is too cunning a man for that, while sober. He will push forward just as fast as circumstances will allow, and keep things just as they are until Congress meets again, and then, in the dark chambers of the United States Council, where party influence, and personal appeals, and the absence of personal responsibility may be brought to bear, Kansas will be sold as a slave State. If the battle was to be fought on the plains of the West, you might hope that by the drunken mistake of an incompetent individual, a musket might be fired, muskets answer it, and the people rallied to the contest. But Kansas—her battle will not be fought in the West, but on the chessboard at Washington, and in midnight session she will be betrayed. This Administration will see Kansas, possibly Oregon and Nebraska—possibly the Southern half of California—admitted as slave States; and then, with four or six more votes in the Senate, with the prestige of success, how will you meet another Presidential election? What is Massachusetts to do then? If four years culminate into nothing but political action, neither you nor I will ever see the end of slavery. Why, if Missouri should abolish slavery to-morrow, it would not change the political game in the least, for Missouri would be a slave State politically for at least one or two generations more. Go to the Southern half of Illinois, settled by men from Tennessee and Alabama and Kentucky and the Carolinas—driven out of those States by the insolent assumption and aristocratic overseerism of the slaveholders. Non-slaveholders, trodden under foot by the ruling aristocracy, ashamed to let their children grow up subject to the same insults which they had endured, they sought refuge from being spit upon in a free State; and yet, though they have been there forty years, never does an election come, that the Southern half of Illinois does not vote, almost as one man, the Southern ticket. Even insult, that actually exiled them from their own State, did not burn out their allegiance to slavery and the Slave Power. Emancipate the slaves of Missouri to-day, and the Slave Power would count Missouri among her adherents for fifty years to come. You have got the evil, therefore, planted in the very granite of public opinion. Money, the present form of religion, public opinion, fashion—which is almost as strong as either—are on the side of slavery. You never can resist it, except by an opinion as radical and reckless as that of revolution; never, but by a decision of purpose such as went up to Bunker Hill. Fanaticism! Why, everybody thought John Hancock a fanatic—Sam Adams a fanatic. Respectable people, no doubt, would not speak to them on the street, in their day. We have found out that they were the greatest men of their time; but there was not a telescope, in '76, that magnified enough to enable a person of fashion in Boston even to *see* Sam Adams. He was a fanatic, doubtless. All opinion that undertakes, like the giant underlying Sicily, to roll over and make a convulsion, an earthquake, is unfashionable,—you may be certain of it. This truth might teach us, that the necessity of a cause like ours demands a fanaticism as radical as that of the Revolution. There never was more strength on the side of any system that was overthrown than there is to-day in favor of slavery; and if the news from the other side the ocean be correct—if it be a fact that France is ready, and, under the guidance of Napoleon, can be made to re-establish the slave-trade, and if England be so indifferent or base as to remain a silent spectator—in such a case, the Islands are again delivered over to the slavery from which Wilberforce and the Revolution of '48 redeemed them, and we are like the serpent surrounded by a ring of fire. Westward are the slave States of the Pacific; southward are the slave States of the Union; eastward, girdling the Gulf, are the newly-inaugurated slave islands; and, resting like a solitary bird in this nest of slavery, is the small band, almost a handful of States, that constitute New England and the easterly part of the North.

Instead of being beaten back, the wave of this pro-slavery reaction, like that of Catholicism in England, is beating against the shores of freedom, and there is no knowing but in time it may dictate bitterer terms to the free States. What shall meet it, in Boston, in New York, in Cincinnati, in all the great cities? It must be met by the masses. It must be met by men ready to shelter the slave; ready, thank God! to level their muskets at the slave-hunter;—ready for more than that—ready to go into the United States Courts, and drag from the prostituted benches the judges that, like the Jeffries of the Stuart dynasty, undertake to make tyranny into law, and force it down New England throats. (Loud applause.) Ready to tear down the Custom House, and banish the Federal officers from the limits of the State; ready to say, with old John Quincy Adams:—'Justice and Liberty, no matter what becomes of parchments and the Union.' (Renewed applause.)

All I claim of the Republican party is—no matter what be their present method—they may hold their little caucuses, pass their little Resolutions, fill their little offices, carry on their little canvasses, and put their little Governors into their little chairs. (Laughter and applause.) But I want them, underneath and behind that all, to recognize the immense and momentous interests committed partly to their hands. Why, friends, it would not do to allow this excitement of thirty years' growth to cool. The iron rod heated is case-hardened against the second fire. It will be a hard toil to waken this nation a second time; we must give the iron the right shape now. Massachusetts, Ohio, New York, must be ready for revolution. We cannot make crises; God makes them. But we can prepare the nation to make ready for them, and that we ought to do.

Mr. President and friends—If I have been saying any thing that I wanted to say, you will be ready for what is to follow. I want your money for this Garrisonian movement—a movement that has nobody to elect, nobody to propitiate, nobody whose path to office it wants to smooth;—a movement that can afford to speak all it thinks; that can afford to take the reluctant sinner by the throat, and say, 'Thou art the man'; that can afford to outrage the community, to outrage by its rebuke every audience it addresses. So dead and drunken are our times, they need to be stunned into sobriety. But you cannot expect, when we have gone into a town and thrown down its idols, that the people will pay us for doing it; you must, therefore, give us the funds.

If I have made a tedious speech,—as doubtless I have,—put it to your consciences. These twenty years, from here to the Mississippi, I have addressed anti-slavery audiences. I am weary of hearing them applaud anti-slavery sentiments; I do not want your applause. The best applause I can have is the clink of your dollars; the best applause I can have is your footsteps going home ready to advocate something better than the mere November ballot for a half-way man, of whom nobody can say anything particularly bad. I want you to go home to work; to stay away from your pro-slavery church until the church committee come to ask you why; and when the church call you up for discipline, preach to them a Gospel sermon; and I will tell you how you may know whether it is a gospel sermon. You may know it by this means,—if it makes the church committee mad as hornets, it is the very sermon on the mount. (Laughter and applause.) If you have a vase of acid, and put into it a morsal of pure chalk, it will bubble up until it runs over the vase; but if you put it into cold water, it won't run over at all. So if you put the acid of such a sermon into the cold water of a dead church, from which all the life has effervesced long ago, there will be no agitation; but if it is a red-hot orthodox, servile, part old whig, part hunker, part democratic, and the rest a wrapped-up-in-Republican-resolution-worth-nothing-meant-by-it church, (laughter,) holding a dozen blind Abolitionists in it to keep it from utter corruption, then such a sermon will cause an agitation worth having. I will tell you what they will do. They will have a church meeting, and either turn you out, or pass a resolution, (modelled on the Tract Society's report, that nobody can understand,) put it on record, and you, I fear, will go to church again, like a fool. (Laughter and applause.) But if you will only stay at home, like Mordecai at the King's gate, until they come and ask again why you are still staying at home, you will preach a better sermon, though you do not utter a word, than if you had talked all your life. You, who have been brought up with such reverence for your clergyman that you would think your eyelids had no muscles, when you met him, you are so utterly unable to look him straight in the face,—if you will only go home and sit, Sunday after Sunday, these warm summer days, in your front door, and let your neighbors see you as they go to meeting, you will preach such a sermon as Bourdillou, the French orator-priest did, when he preached before Louis the Fourteenth, half an hour, on licentiousness, and held the thunders suspended over the assembled courtiers trembling and dumb; then, after one moment of expressive silence, turned to the monarch, and ended with, 'Thou art the man,'—such a sermon as Protestantism can hardly show in all its coward annals. Then I will honor you as an Abolitionist worthy to stand up and take your place on the same platform with that devoted and eloquent speaker,—not in words only, but eloquent in life,—whose resolution I am trying to second.

Friends, I know the weariness of the cause in which you are engaged. There is no Canaan in front; there is no rest ahead; it is all wilderness. Never flatter yourselves that the time will come when the day of your reform efforts will close, and the clouds of fruition and triumph, tinted with purple and gold, gather round the setting sun of your agitation. Never! As long as the devil lasts, you are in for it. The agitation you began is just as necessary to-day as it was thirty years ago. A thousand years ago, the Dutch built their ramparts,—a wall of mud,—against the ocean. Do they trust them? Nay, day by day, the peasant steals an hour from toil for his children's bread, to go to the ocean and fill up the breach, repair the willow which the insects have eaten, and save the land which his father gave him, while the ocean roars over his head, endeavoring to clutch what man has snatched from its grasp. So it is with this little island of anti-slavery feeling, which we have clutched from a reluctant public. The waves of hatred, of time-serving politics, of partizan ambition, of servility and compromise, are raving around it. The rampart of public opinion which you have built is daily eaten away. Each day, some servile hunter for office caves in, and falls into the bottomless pit of Banks. Every day, one part of the rampart falls. Every day, Henry Wilson—do not blame me for feeling one timid word from him: we had enough to bear, enough to do, enough to sacrifice, enough of effort to save the Carolinas and Kansas, without his timid expediency endangering the little gained in Massachusetts. Who shall say, that after twenty years of incessant sacrifice, we are not to be allowed to blame the man who, for any personal object, to secure any fancied party good, thus degrades the loftiness, the unequivocal meaning of Massachusetts purpose! I do not care what his pretence may be. I say, now and ever, the man who yields a principle, risks confusing public thought, lays a heavier burden on our backs, and we have a right to be angry with him. The treasury is empty, the hand is tired, the toil of many years has gained but this little—we do right to guard it zealously from mistaken friend and malicious foe. Yes, as I listened to the weary voice of our dear friend, (Mrs. Foster,) who spoke to us just now from this platform, I remembered,—O, how well!—when I, too, yet young, saw her a young, devoted girl, step first upon the anti-slavery platform, and consecrate herself, in the bloom of youth, its ingenuousness, its enthusiasm, upon the altar of the slave. The clear, sweet tones of that now wearied voice, how fresh they are in my ears! Year after year have I watched it wearing away, gathering now one and now another from the reluctant hosts of opposition, at such precious cost!—life and health the cheerful price she paid,—and I dare not let that man pass without bitter rebuke who throws in the way of those bloody and toil worn footsteps one single obstacle to success. (Loud cheers.) When I see, therefore, a Republican like Henry Wilson, when I see traders in public opinion, in order to gain some temporary pnrpose, some party triumph, some transient advantage, or to wreak some personal spite against such a man as Henry J. Gardner, which they feel more than we do, but which they were too cowardly to show, which they were too recreant trimmers to declare, but which they were willing we should declare, while they come in to reap the harvest—I say, when, for such purposes, they jeopard the firmness and sincerity of Anti-Slavery feeling in this Commonwealth, I think of the wealth of sacrifice, of the lives that have been devoted to this cause,—I think of the tombs round which I have stood of those called early from the struggle,—I say, 'In God's name, beware how you peril what so much toil and so much self-devotion have purchased for us! This is holy ground you tread!'

I ask, therefore, of you, fellow-Abolitionists, that in this hour, when party expediency is doing so much to mislead and confuse the public feeling, you will enable us to send out agents, proper and capable, to the waiting fields of the West and North-west.—I love the North-west. If I could go anywhere outside of Boston—if Boston pavements were not dearer to me even than the golden pavement to Milton's Mammon—I would go to the North-west, where no judges sit like nightmares on the consciences of the people, where a man, in order to be elected a judge, or to go to Congress, must come somewhere near being a fanatic. I like the North-west; the people have not grown old there—they are all young. Dr. Johnson said of Scotchmen, that you might make something of them, if you catch them young. Out West, they catch the judges young. (Laughter.) You can make a great deal of men when you take them in the ingenuousness and enthusiasm of youth. I spoke of Yale just now—that good Orthodox institution, brother May. (Laughter.) You go to Harvard, and the young men have no power. They are all young, it is true, but they all speak on the Everett model; they are all as correct and as cold. They are like the man who went up to Worcester with an awful cold in his head. His friends asked him where he got it: he replied, 'I called on Gov. Everett, and stayed too long.' (Laughter and applause.) The young men at Yale all spoke so that you felt they were carried away by their enthusiasm. Severe criticism might say they were too fiery. But give them five years to cool, and at twenty-five, they will be of just the right temperature. The young man who does not overdo at twenty, will be a piece of ice at forty. That is the difference between Chicago and Boston—the men are all young. In the hot blood of twenty, they do not stop to calculate. A young man does not fear to do his duty to the slave, because his fortune may be taken from him. 'No matter,' he says, 'I have got thirty years ahead to make another.'—Send our friend Foss out there; I should like to see the graduates at his college!

Now, I want you to give us your money to send out agents to plant the seeds of radical, disinterested, fearless Anti-Slavery in the virgin soil of the West, where the institutions can be moulded into the form of freedom. You know they say that an institution is the lengthened shadow of a great man. Massachusetts is the lengthened shadow of Edward Everett,—and a very poor shadow it is. Out there, there is no man tall enough for his shadow to cover a State, and so the trees grow up straight and strong. We are like the trees of this grove over our heads. They rely on each other for support. They have never challenged the storm, and there is no root to them; one strong blow would sweep them all off. That tree now is a church member who would go home and stay at home, if he was not afraid of his brother-in-law; over there is another who would do the same, only he dare not face his next door neighbor's wife. (Laughter.) But give us the oak or the elm, growing alone, saying to the wind, 'Come, I would like to have a wrestle with you,' and striking its roots deeper into the ground as the storm clasps it in its rude grasp;—flinging out its branches defiant of the tempest—that is Garrison. (Applause.) You want him to crop out—to change the simile a little—all over the West. You can do it by sending lecturers out there, and letting them scatter the seed. That you ought to do; that self-respect binds you to do—that your avowed principles bind you to do—and the Massachusetts of 1620 and the slave expec every man to do his duty.' (Loud applause.)

MORE OF THE SAME SORT.

The latest intelligence respecting the movements of the American Tract Society usually comes to us through *The Independent*; but last week, for some reason, that paper did not contain the latest manifesto of the Reverend Secretaries Hallock and Eastman. Finding this document in the New York *Observer* and the Boston *Congregationalist*, we give it, at length, in corroboration of our view, heretofore presented, of the real meaning of the Society's new rule, adopted last May—of the view of that meaning taken by the functionaries of the Society; and of the intent of the intelligent gentlemen constituting the Investigating Committee, that their Report should be thus interpreted, and thus administered, by those functionaries.

It is well known that our brethren of the sunny South are somewhat hasty and choleric, sudden and quick in quarrel, and sometimes suspicious of their best friends—and that this unlucky defect, cherished as it is by their 'peculiar institution,' hath not been entirely overcome even by the ministrations of the Tract Society. It thus fell out that the Southern patrons of that Society, taking its recently adopted rule by the wrong handle, and in fact making the same erroneous inference with the *Independent*, that the Society was about to publish something unfavorable to slavery, took umbrage, and spoke sundry unkind words, expressing plainly not only a suspicion of the good intent of the Society towards them and their 'institution,' but a purpose, if this suspicion should be verified, to withhold the whole of the pecuniary supplies which they have been accustomed annually to pour into the Society's coffers, and to set up, with them, an opposition establishment.

Naturally shocked at a judgment so diametrically opposed to their real meaning, and mindful of the Scripture injunction—'If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault *between him and thee alone*'—the senior Secretaries of the Tract Society privately sent a Circular, explanatory of the new rule, to their 'Evangelical' friends 'throughout our Southern and Southwestern States,' saying, in substance—O ye of little faith, be not afraid! O. K! It's all right. We haven't the least thought of disturbing you or damaging the institution. Only pray for us and keep never minding, and all will go well!—Those who wish to refer to the exact terms of this Circular may find it in the Refuge of Oppression, 17th ult.

But since, in this wicked world, even good works done in secret are liable to discovery and misinterpretation, both these accidents befel the pious document in question, and rendered necessary the publication of another Circular, explanatory of the explanation. This was addressed to Northern, Middle, Western, and Northwestern Evangelicals, and sent, without the slightest attempt at concealment, as follows:

For the New York Observer.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

To Evangelical Christians, and especially to the Society's Colporteurs, Superintendents, and General Agents, and to Editors of the Religious Press in the Northern, Middle, Western, and North Western States:

Dear Brethren: As some have questioned the wisdom of the Secretaries in writing a brief letter to the friends and agents of the Society and the press at the South, respecting the action at the anniversary, it seems due to make a brief explanation to our friends and agents at the North.

Soon after the anniversary, we learned from numerous simultaneous communications and the press at the South, that the action of the Society had produced a deep sensation in the Southern and South Western States. Many of the long-tried friends of the Society, who had witnessed with great satisfaction the blessed influence of its publications, and its efficient system of colportage rapidly spreading over those States, and penetrating the moral desolations, became alarmed; believing, as they did, that the policy of the Society was to be so changed that publications would be immediately issued, which, in the eye of the law, would there be regarded as incendiary, and render any one who should attempt to circulate them liable to arrest and imprisonment, and consequently soon close the door to all the Society's agents and publications. The general agents and superintendents met with distrust, and were denied access to the churches, and the principal branches and auxiliaries were seriously discussing the question of entirely withdrawing from the Society.

No intimation having been given at the anniversary, that any one expected the Society to pursue a course which would debar it from any of the States; and believing, as we did, that it was the full intent of the Society vigorously to prosecute its work over our whole country, according to the original design and spirit of the constitution, we felt bound, in the responsible position in which the Society had placed us, to do all in our power to prevent, if possible, such a misapprehension as might lead to a sudden dismemberment, and the withdrawal from its field of usefulness of a portion of our country embracing nearly ten millions of souls. We are aware that the resolutions of the Special Committee adopted by the Society expressed the opinion that certain duties or evils connected with Slavery should be discussed in a manner adapted to promote the widest and best interests of the Society throughout our whole country; but we are not aware that the Society have intended to encourage any action which would sunder from its benevolent regard one half the country, and expel 300 colporteurs from their fields of successful labor.

Confident that it might prevent mistake, and assist our fellow laborers and the friends of the Society generally to understand more fully the design of its action, we addressed to them the following brief letter, which, if space could be afforded for it in the journals of the day, we should be pleased to have read in all parts of the country. W. A. H. & O. E.

New York, July 23, 1857

It appears from the last paragraph, that Drs. Hallock and Eastman were influenced, in withholding their former manifesto from Northern circulation, by a modest doubt whether space could be afforded for it—whether it was worthy of so much notice. We have done our part to remove this misapprehension, and if there *should* be occasion for a third explanatory Circular—to remove any doubts of the down-eastern brethren, or to mention any other of the numerous intimations that were *not* made at the anniversary—we hope to be favored with a copy at first hand.

C. K. W.

OLD COLONY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The twenty-third annual meeting of this Society was held in Union Hall, Plympton, on Sunday, July 26. The President of the Society, Bourne Spooner, occupied the chair.

Edward Y. Perry, William Perkins and Lewis Ford were chosen a Committee to report a list of officers for the ensuing year, and William Perkins and Alexander Hervey a Committee on Finance.

The meeting was addressed both forenoon and afternoon by Mr. Garrison, in his usual impressive manner; clearly demonstrating the hypocrisy of the American Church and religion, in regard to slavery. Remarks were also made by Lewis Ford, urging the friends to greater diligence in the work before us.

The Committee on nomination of officers reported the following list, and the same was adopted:—

President—Bourne Spooner.

Vice-Presidents—Joshua Perry, Hanson; Henry Clapp, Jr., Scituate; John Cushing, Hingham; Charlotte Bradford, Duxbury; Nathaniel H. Whiting, Marshfield; William Perkins, Plympton; Thomas Bicknell, Kingston; Johnson Davee, Plymouth;—Lewis Holmes, Bridgewater; Jacob Leonard, East Bridgewater; Edward E. Bennett, North Bridgewater; Lewis McLauthlin, Pembroke; Thomas J. Hunt, Abington; Nathaniel B. Spooner, Plymouth; Philander Shaw, North Abington; Edward Y. Perry, Hanson; Lewis Ford, North Abington.

Secretary and Treasurer—Samuel Dyer, South Abington.

Managers—Bourne Spooner, Samuel Dyer, Elbridge Sprague, Lewis Ford, and Briggs Arnold.

The Treasurer, Lewis Ford, presented his Annual Report, and the same was adopted.

S. DYER, *Sec.*

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Old Colony A. S. Society in account with Lewis Ford, Treasurer.

Receipts and Expenses, from July 13, 1856, to July 26, 1857.

Balance from last year's account,	$47 31
Collections at annual meeting,	4 99
" by Wm. W. Brown,	19 40
" at East Bridgewater,	0 97
" at Abington meeting,	14 55
From pledge of Johnson Davee,	5 00
" Wm. Perkins,	2 00
" Wm. Spooner,	2 00
" Bourne Spooner,	15 00
" Lewis Ford,	10 00
" E. Y. Perry,	5 00
" Hervey Dyer,	3 00
" Geo. J. Peterson,	3 00
" John S. Pratt,	2 00
" Lewis McLauthlin,	2 00
" Job Luther,	2 00
" Samuel Dyer,	2 00
" Abby Josselyn,	1 00
" Seth Jones,	1 00
" Otis P. Josselyn,	1 00
" George F. Stetson, Jr.,	1 00
" Nathaniel H. Whiting,	10 00
" D. Thaxter,	1 00
	$155 22
Paid Wm. W. Brown for services as lecturing agent,	50 50
Paid Nathaniel H. Whiting for do.,	12 00
" Wm. L. Garrison for do.,	12 00
" for Davis Hall, Plymouth, over collection,	3 15
" S. May, Jr., for handbills,	3 00
" for U. Church, Abington, for quarterly meeting,	4 00
Paid J. A. Howland, Agent of A. S. Society,	7 00
" S. Dyer, for hall-hire, handbills, postage and other expenses,	12 44
Paid State Society,	2 00
	$106 09
Leaving a balance in the Treasury of	$49 13

LEWIS FORD, *Treasurer.*

THE CHARGES DENIED.

New York Central College, July 29, 1857.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison:

Dear Sir,—In the last *Liberator*, Lewis Spaulding, formerly a student in this Institution, gave two reasons why he was not permitted to present his Oration at our last Commencement occasion. 1st. 'Because it was too plain in its denunciations of the Church.' 2d. 'It might also be considered by many (who would hear it) as an argument in favor of Universalism.'

The first statement is *totally false*. The second is *false* in the main. Very respectfully,

LEONARD G. CALKINS,
Pres. of N. Y. Central College.

Being present at the interview between President Calkins and Mr. Spaulding, respecting Mr. S's Oration, I concur in the above statement of Pres. Calkins.

ARTHUR HOLMES,
Prof. of Elocution in Central College.

M'Grawville, July 29, 1857.

TROUBLE AT EPHRATA SPRINGS—FIGHT BETWEEN A SOUTHERNER AND A WAITER.

From the Lancaster Express of August 3.

On Saturday, a difficulty occurred at the Ephrata Mountain Springs, which came near having an unpleasant termination. The particulars, as far as we have been able to gather them from the many flying reports in the matter, are about as follows: It appears that at the dinner table, after most of the boarders had retired, a gentleman named White, from Baltimore, got into an altercation with one of the colored servants, who, he alleged, carried away his plate on which he had just ordered meat. The charge was denied by the servant, when high words took place between the two, which ended by the former taking up a tumbler, and hurling it at the head of the latter. The servant evaded the flying missile by dodging, and directly made towards Mr. White in a menacing manner, and struck him in the face, urged on, it is said, by the other servants in the room.

The noise of the disturbance filled the room with the guests of the house, principally Southerners, who caught the servant, and forced him from the room. Considerable confusion followed the fracas, and a meeting was soon afterwards called, and attended by nearly all the boarders of the house; the proceedings however were conducted altogether by gentlemen from the South, of whom there are several hundreds at the Springs. Speeches were made, denouncing the conduct of the servant in very severe terms, and even counselling violence to his person.

From all the statements which were made at the meeting, the sympathies of the crowd seemed very much in favor of Mr. White, not only by the boarders from the South, but also from the North, and things were in a fair way for adjustment when a gentleman from Baltimore, whose name we did not learn, arose and made a violent speech, denouncing 'free niggers' in general, and, very indiscreetly, we think, reflected sharply upon Pennsylvania and her laws.

Previous to this, the Pennsylvanians present said not a word; but for gentlemen from the South to come into the very heart of our State, and denounce its people and its institutions, was more than they were willing to let pass by in silence; and a gentleman from Philadelphia, whose name we were unable to learn, interrupted the speaker, and replied with much animation, vindicating Pennsylvania from the charges made by the 'chivalric son' of the sunny South, and saying in very plain terms, the Baltimorean did not tell the truth. The Philadelphian was backed up by others from the North, and then followed a scene of the greatest confusion, which threatened for a little while to lead to very serious consequences. But, fortunately, oil was poured on the troubled waters, and order was somewhat restored.

Since the affair which took place at the table, we learn the servant was wrongly accused. The plate of Mr. White was removed, but by one of the other servants, who supposed he was through with his dinner, and the one accused passing Mr. W's chair at the time, was charged with carrying the plate off. We learn too, on the other side, that the provocation on the part of the servant was almost unbearable, he calling Mr. W. 'a liar,' who had his place between two ladies at the time.

Much excitement existed, and ill-feeling was felt during the day and evening, the Southerners demanding the expulsion of the servant from the house; and threatened that, if he appeared at the tea-table, he would be severely dealt with. The servants of the house also held a meeting, and resolved, if he was expelled, to leave the establishment in a body.

The matter continued in the same unsettled state until some time yesterday, when the servant left the establishment, in such a way as to satisfy the others, and at last account all was quiet at the Springs.

The above account we publish as we have it from a number of persons who were present at the time. As to who is in the wrong, we have no opinion to venture. We believe that this is the first difficulty that has ever occurred at this well-conducted place of summer resort, and will only say that difficulties will sometimes happen 'in the best regulated families.'

THE NINTH

Worcester Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

To be held in Worcester, during Cattle Show Week, September 21—25, 1857.

The eight years during which this Bazaar has been held in this city have witnessed continued developments of the Slave Power more startling in their character than any that have preceded them. The Fugitive Slave Law, the revolting scenes attendant upon its repeated execution in this State, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the decision of Judge Taney, though the legitimate results of the accursed system whence they sprung, have appalled us by the rapidity with which they have pressed the question nearer to our own homes and firesides.

For all these things, who are responsible? Certainly, not merely the Legrees of the Southern plantation, the victims of a degradation that will well nigh quench every spark of their moral nature;—not they alone, who, steeped in the miasma of political corruption, can see nothing before them but the lure of office and the Almighty Dollar; but we, as individuals, standing behind the throne, are the power greater than the throne itself; who, by thought, word and deed can each do something to swell the mighty influence that shall hurl the oppressor from his seat. Though dark and threatening the clouds gather around us, we are not discouraged, for we know that just as sure as there is a God in heaven, his justice on earth will triumph sooner or later, and that it will triumph through us, the human instrumentalities He has provided to accomplish his purposes here.

Our object is not merely to save Kansas, or to exclude slavery from the free States, but to wage against it unceasing warfare wherever it exists on the national domain, until on the soil of the Carolinas the song of the freeman and the hum of free labor shall supplant the groan of the slave and the slave-driver's lash.

It is for this we ask your sympathy and your aid. We want to raise money to send out lecturers and publications to rouse the slumbering consciences of the people to a consciousness of the increasing importance of the Anti-Slavery cause.

Our controversy with the Church is because we think the Church is false to her trust, when, starting with the professed mission of saving souls, she enters into a complicity with that system which robs the suffering bondman of both body and soul. Our controversy with the State is because, in the face of the Declaration of Independence, which she proclaims every Fourth of July, she sits deliberately on the necks of four millions of her children, robbing them of every birthright God has given them.

Whatever product of taste, ingenuity or labor, whatever of money or refreshment any one will be disposed to give, will be thankfully received and judiciously appropriated. Communications may be sent to any member of the Committee.

SARAH H. EARLE,
EMILY BARRETT,
LUCY CHASE,
ADELINE H. HOWLAND,
HANNAH M. ROGERS,
ABBY W. WYMAN,
SARAH L. BUTMAN,
HANNAH RICE,
OLIVE LOVELAND,
MARY C. HIGGINSON, of Worcester;
ELIZA A. STOWELL, of Warren;
SARAH R. MAY, of Leicester;
EMMA W. WYMAN, of Boston;
MARY E. HODGES, of Dorchester;
FRANCES H. DRAKE, of Leominster;
POLLY D. BRADISH, of Upton;
KATHERINE E. FARNUM, of Waterford;
MARIA P. FAIRBANKS, of Millville;
NANCY B. HILL, of Blackstone;
ABBY B. HUSSEY, of Lancaster;
LOUISA F. HALL, of Upton;
SUSAN B. EVERETT, of Princeton;
MARY ANN GRIFFIN, of Princeton;
ELIZA HOWE, of Princeton;
CAROLINE WAIT, of Hubbardston.

COLLECTIONS

At Abington Grove, August 1, 1857, for the Mass. Anti-Slavery Society.

Miss Loud	$ 50	C. H. C.	50
Mrs Richmond	50	J. Jones	1,00
C. C. Bradford	1,00	Reuben Loud	50
J. Leonard	1,00	A. Chamberlain	50
David W. Wilbur	1,00	J. H. Harris	1,00
Joseph Merrill	1,00	Mary E. Washburn	50
E. H. Merrill	1,00	Charles Taylor	1,00
Martha O. Barrell	50	J. F. Clarke	2,00
N. & M. Harlow	2,00	N. Curtis	50
Wm. H. Adams	1,00	E. C. Monk	1,00
A friend	2,00	I. Lee	25
John Cushing Jr.	2,00	E. Y. & M. B. Perry	1,00
Bethiah Mann	25	Edmund Quincy	1,00
Lewis McLauthlin	50	Mr. Hill	25
Benjamin Crooker	1,00	J. S. Bonney	1,00
Melissa Sprague	1,00	Mr. Fuller	1,00
Mrs. A. Sprague	1,00	N. Poole	3,00
A. Mitchell	3,00	J. Lobsitz	1,00
Geo. Studley	1,00	S. Holman	25
Seth Chandler	1,00	C. A. Eastman	25
Lucia Bradford	50	A Working Man	1,00
Elizabeth Bradford	1,00	J. Luther	50
M. B. Richards	25	Josiah H. Carter	1,00
Wendell Phillips	5,00	Alden Sampson	1,00
Anna Gardner	50	S. Baldwin	25
E. E. Bennett	1,00	Mrs. D. Thaxter	3,00
E. Sprague	50	M. B. Pierce	1,00
P. Shaw	1,00	Wm. Perkins	1,00
N. H. Whiting	1,00	F. Jackson	2,00
Robert Messervo	1,00	W. Ashby	1,00
N. Beal	1,00	B. Spooner	1,00
T. B. Drew	1,00	J. Perry	50
Susan Messerve	25	Dr. J. S. Rock	1,00
Mrs. Micah Poole	1,00	S. May Jr.	1,00
Mrs. Geo. Wheeler	1,00	E. Richards	1,00
M. H. Poole	1,00	R. Clap	1,00
Martha Clapp	1,00	J. Bates	25
Seth Wilbur	50	G. A. Bradford	50
T. Brown and wife	1,50	Samuel Dyer	1,00
M. B. Jackson	3,00	B. S. Whiting	1,00
M. Kingman	1,00	A. G. Morton	1,00
Anna Ford	25	L. Bradford	2,00
Lewis A Nash	1,00	L. Keen	1,00
E. S. Tirrell	50	J. J. Howland	1,00
Watson Bates	1,00	S. J. Davee	1,00
Bela Shaw	1,00	Watson Bates	1,00
Alden Leach	25	Leonard Pratt	50
T. J. Hunt	1,00	E. J. Lane	45
Z. Washburn	25	M. W. Stetson	1,00
Daniel Holbrook	1,00	B. F. Burgess	1,00
T. Bicknell	2,00	Henry J. Prentiss	1,25
L. W. Noyes	25	Bartlett Bradford,	
Chandler Ross	25	J. S. Morey, and other friends, in various sums,	7,35
Lucius Ford	25		
H. W. Blanchard	50	Total	$131,39
G. G. Moore	1,00		
A. Keith	50		

PLEDGES

To the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, at Abington, August 1, 1857.

Abby Kelley Foster,	$100 00
Henry Grafton Chapman,	100 00
Eliza Lee Follen,	50 00
Mary May,	50 00
Mary G. Chapman,	20 00
Joseph Goddard, New York,	10 00
C. M. Severance,	10 00
Samuel May, Jr.,	10 00
Mrs. Maloon, Boston,	3 00
John H. Harris, Abington,	2 00
Cyrus Pool,	2 00
C. Hastings Abington,	0 50
Miss Williamson, Boston,	1 00
	$358 50

COLLECTIONS

For the American Anti-Slavery Society.

By Abby K. Foster.

Donations.

Jane Battles,	Perth Amboy,	$5 00
C. C. Pope,	"	4 00
L. B. Read,	"	2 00
C. O. Read,	"	3 00
James G. Birney,	"	3 00
Mrs. Doughty,	Flushing,	2 00
Anna Shaw Greene,	Jamaica Plain,	100 00
Albert M. Chase,	Canton,	50 00
Richard Clap,	Dorchester,	20 00
L. M. Miles,	Brookline,	5 00
L. Newell,	Abington,	1 00
Franklin King,	Dorchester,	10 00
Nathaniel Hall,	"	10 00
Mrs. T. S. Smith,	"	2 00
Sarah A. Blanchard,	"	5 00
John G. Palfrey,	Cambridge,	3 00
F. A. Kingsbury,	Weymouth,	1 00
S. E. Sewall,	Melrose,	5 00
Cash,	Brookline,	5 00

Pledges.

Sarah Shaw Russell, Jamaica Plain,	$500 00
Rebecca Spring, Perth Amboy,	150 00
Wm. I. Bowditch, Brookline,	100 00
J. R. Lowell, Cambridge,	50 00
Weld, Perth Amboy,	10 00

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Collections by Parker Pillsbury:—

At New Ipswich, N. H.,	$5 87
South Newmarket, "	1 35
Of T. S. Kennard, South Newmarket, N. H.,	1 00
W. L. Walker, " "	1 00
Albert Moreton, " "	1 00
Friends in Worcester County, Mass.,	15 00
At Reading, Mass.,	4 20
South Reading, Mass,,	2 00
Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, donation,	1400 00

FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer.*

New Hand-Book for Home Improvement.

HOW TO DO BUSINESS.—A New Pocket Manual of Practical Affairs, and Guide to Success in the various Pursuits of Life.

In the Counting-Room,	For the Clerk,
In the Store,	For the Apprentice,
In the Shop,	For the Farmer-Boy,
In the Market,	For the Book-Agent,
On the Farm,	For all Business Men,
Everywhere,	For Everybody.

'How to do Business,' now ready, closes our first series of 'Hand-Books for Home Improvement.' It is the most complete work of the kind ever published, embracing the Principles of Business—How to Choose a Pursuit; Natural Qualifications required for Different Kinds of Business; Education; How to Buy and Sell; How to Get Customers and Keep Them; How to manage a Farm or a Trade; How to Canvas and Get Subscribers; The Causes of Failure; How to Succeed;

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

THE SLAVE-MOTHER.

Lo! a woman—trembling, frail,
With a grief her tears express'd,
In the market stood, for sale,
With her first-born at her breast!
But the babe was not her own:
For the child that God had made—
Offspring of her flesh and bone—
Was a living ware of trade!

Ere she wept her sorrow calm,
Lo! her human heart was sold
For the silver, which the palm
Of a human hand could hold!
God's own image in the mart!
Ah! 'twas fragile merchandise—
Broken in the breaking heart!
Melted in the weeping eyes!

Then another wounding thorn
Pierced the heart already stung:
Lo! the sucking babe was torn
From the bosom where it clung!
Then her mother's cry was wild!
Then afresh her tears were shed!
And she mourn'd her living child—
Living, but to her as dead!

Now the slave was doubly bound;
For, beside the chain she wore,
Grief enclasp'd her soul around,
Like a fetter, evermore!
Never, though she quell'd her cries,
Was the broken heart made whole!
Never, though she hushed her sighs,
Went the sorrow from her soul!

Ye whom human hopes or fears
Stir to gladness or to woe;
Ye who weep at others' tears,
And would wipe them when they flow;
Ye who feel another's pain,
And will hear another's plea—
Go and break the bondman's chain!
Go and set the captive free! T. T.

For the Liberator.

THE COUNTRY.

Oh, I'm going to the country, sang gentle Ellen Grey,
As she bounded from her school-room, one sultry summer day;
Of the close and dusty city I am so tired and sick!
Why! you can scarcely see the sky for walls of stone and brick,
That turn the glowing sunshine to red-hot glaring light,
And shut the world of beauty out from your longing sight.
Away to the glorious country! it is so fresh and sweet,
With the green grass and the blossoms, you never mind the heat;
And the breezes come so cooling, as away, away they sweep,
And in the grand old forests the shadows fall so deep;
And the wild bird's joyous warble is echoed, oh! so clear,
And the full, rich gushing gladness is music to your ear;
From their little wind-rocked cradles, ant-hill and spider's net,
So brilliant in the sun-light, with flashing jewels set;
From the leaping, sparkling waters, from rock and moss and fern,
From butterfly and blossom, there is so much to learn.
Away to the glorious country, away from the city strife,
Oh! how I long for freedom out in the world of life!
Kate.

From the Rural New Yorker.

A THOUSAND MILES A MINUTE.

BY A. H. BULLOCK.

The motion of the earth round the sun is at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour.—Comstock.

Sixty-eight thousand miles an hour!
Why, man, the deuce is in it;
What matchles proof of mighty power—
A thousand miles a minute!
This wondrous car keeps rolling on
With all its land and ocean;
The Engineer is never gone,
Or varies in his motion.

No 'running fast,' no 'running slow,'
No bursting of the boiler,
Nothing to pay, of all who go
No one e'er gave a dollar.
No upward grade, no downward grade,
No stopping at a station,
Cause for repair has not been made
Since the All-wise creation.

Since time began, ne'er left the track,
Or called for wood or water,
No switching off, no running back,
Collisions cause no slaughter.
Because the track is always clear,
The watchmen never slumber,
No train behind we ever fear,
Obstructions ne'er encumber.

The signal lights we oft descry,
But no alarming token;
They glitter in the evening sky,
And dance with joy unbroken.
No application of the brakes,
Reversing of the motion,
No fear of telegraph mistakes,
No sound to mar devotion.

So silently the vast machine
Obeys the laws of Heaven,
The movement is not felt or seen,
No jar of tumult given.
'Through tickets' only can we have—
No others to be taken:
Whether we live, or fill the grave,
The motion will not slacken.

But take us on, with lightning speed,
Until we reach the station,
Which stands, say Faith and Hope agreed,
At portals of Salvation.
'Free pass' each traveller awaits—
Observing rules to win it;
Soon we shall reach those pearly gates—
A thousand miles a minue!

RAILWAYS IN INDIA.

TRANSLATION OF A PIECE COMPOSED BY A NATIVE.

Quick over the ground, with a rumbling sound,
The machine ship rushes fast;
Its wheels 'scape the eyes; it is wingless, yet flies
Right straight in the teeth of the blast.
All the boys in the town run to see it pass down,
The half-cooked rice is all black;
At the noise how they run, boys and girls every one,
And the house-work goes to rack.
Their children are thrust all into the dust,
Their hair is all unbound—
'It is come! it is come!—and who'll stop at home,
As the word in the house goes round?
See the smoke arise; like the wind it flies;
Yet windless it runs alone;
Men of eighty and all grasp their sticks and crawl
To look: but the car is flown!
In the road there's a gate, and a porter whose state
Is increased by his turban red;
With white flag in hand, he's exceedingly grand,
And the children skulk in dread.
'Tis the Company's reign, and o'er India's plain
A wondrous vessel sails;
Run, run, and behold the Sahib's wisdom untold!
He has made a road of rails!

The Liberator.

THE DEATH OF THE UNION—THE BIRTH OF A NORTHERN CONFEDERACY.

New Garden, July 24, 1857.

Dear Garrison:

I am in Ohio, recently returned from Michigan; shall stay here till the 15th of August; then go on my way to Western and Central New York and Northern Pennsylvania, and thence to Boston.

Two documents have just reached me, in which I am deeply interested, viz., the account of the celebration of the Fourth at Framingham, with the speeches of Phillips, Ballou and others, and the 'Call for a National Convention, to consider the practicability, probability and expediency of a separation between the Free and Slave States.' That day and that place are of deep and solemn interest to many who have been accustomed to meet there. The 4th of July, 1776, is called this nation's birth-day. The nation, the republic, the *Union*, is said to have been born on that day. From the depths of my soul the prayer arises to the God of the slave, that, on the 4th of July, 1858, the entire North might assemble around the funeral pile of the bloody and accursed bond (the Constitution) of the Union, and celebrate the death and burial of this slave-breeding, slave-hunting republic. May I live to see this gigantic kidnapper and marauder,—the American Union,—dead and buried in a grave so deep that the trump of God can never reach it. I will then say—'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' To you, and those assembled with you, at Framingham, there is no American Union. To you it is dead and buried as to a recognized authority. To you, to Phillips, to Ballou, to Remond, and to tens of thousands, it exists only as the robber, the assassin, the kidnapper, the slave-hunter, the pirate exists—but to be abhorred and annihilated. You meet, not to celebrate the *birth*, but the death of the most merciless and malignant of all tyrants, the American Union.

I spent that same day in Ravenna, Ohio, in a Convention of more than *six thousand*, under the shade of the forest. The Convention was called by *Spiritualists*. The question came up, 'What has Spiritualism to do with Anti-Slavery, Non-Resistance, Temperance, Woman's Rights, the Elevation and Perfection of the Race?' Some thought, nothing; but they mistook their audience, nine-tenths of whom had been taught in the school of Anti-Slavery by Garrison, Abby K. and Stephen Foster, Parker Pillsbury, C. C. Burleigh, and others. I took occasion to show the worthlessness and wickedness of a Spiritualism, a Gospel, a Christianity, a Christ, a Government, and a God, that pass by on the other side, and leave the millions of American slaves, fallen among Republican (?) and Christian (?) thieves, to perish in their blood. The discussion reminded me of those former days of Anti-Slavery when nearly the entire Church and priesthood said—'The Gospel has nothing to do with slavery or anti-slavery, but is sent to save souls'; and the politicians said—'Politics had nothing to do with slavery, *except to sustain it and worship it.*' But they have all learned that Anti-Slavery has something to do with all slaveholding gospels, creeds, churches, priesthoods, political parties, Bibles, governments, and gods. I would assure them that Anti-Slavery has not yet accomplished her mission to all such supporters and apologists for slavery. Down with them all, if they cannot exist without enslaving man!

That call for a *National Convention* to 'consider the practicability, probability and expediency of dissolving the union between the Free and Slave States'! Dear Garrison, this is the work of the hour.—For fifteen years, I have seldom lectured or addressed a public assembly, in which I have not called attention to this subject, and never will again without making this prominent—so deeply and constantly have I felt and do I feel the importance of it. I know this slaveholding Union has been and must be a more deadly foe to liberty in this country and Europe than all the Holy Alliances ever formed by crowned despots. The hope of the toiling millions of all lands must be in the dissolution of this God-accursed Union between the North and South—between Liberty and Slavery.

'Possibility, Probability and Expediency!' Why! the thing *is* possible and practicable. It is already done. The Union is dissolved—the bond is broken. *Is it possible to get the people of the North to see and feel this fact?* This is the question. It *is* possible. If we, the abolitionists, cannot make them see and feel it, the slaveholders and their tools will. Is it *probable?* Yes—highly probable that, at no distant day, the people of the North will see and feel that no Union exists, nor can exist, between them and the slaveholders of the South, except such an one as exists between the abject, cringing slave and his master. Is it *expedient?* Let the bankruptcy of the North, in character and money, answer. Spiritually and materially, the North is victimized to the lust, and ambition and avarice of slaveholders.

It is a sacrilegious outrage on humanity to talk of the possibility of a union between Liberty and Slavery. They can never unite—save in a death-struggle.

May all the professed friends of liberty, of whatever grade, rally at the Convention, and enter zealously into the question 'of the practicability, probability and expediency of a dissolution between the Free and Slave States.' Ohio, that now lies helpless at the feet of every official of the Union, is the place to hold that Convention. Let every one who comes to it, come with the recent decision of Judge Leavitt in his heart and hand. There is, now, no authority, no government, no power, in Ohio, but the kidnapping Union. Ohio, as to *rights*, is a nonentity, as truly as is the Southern slave.

A NORTHERN REPUBLIC! God grant it may soon spring to life. It must be born.

Yours, HENRY C. WRIGHT.

P. S. July 28.—Great are the activity and rejoicings of Western farmers. I wish you, and all the people of the East, could see the wheat fields of Ohio and the West. A great crop is being gathered. There will be abundance of bread-stuffs in this nation the coming season. How *cheap* they will be remains to be seen. Speculators in bread settle that! How long must it be so? Not always, I hope. Hay, oats, corn, potatoes and all fruits are most abundant.

Is the crisis come in Kansas? I hope so, as come it must, there or somewhere. The final battle between the North and South must be fought. The longer it is delayed, the bloodier it will be. How *piously* and affectingly the ruffian, Walker, in his Proclamation, talks of *Providence* and *Heaven!* For myself, I loathe his pro-slavery Providence. As to treason against the slave-hunting Union—God grant I may now and forever be counted worthy to be called a traitor to it! Treason to the United States government shall be my passport to the kingdom of heaven and the favor of my God. At least, this shall be one of my chief qualifications for the 'Saint's Everlasting Rest.'

H. C. W.

[CIRCULAR.]

Worcester, July 8, 1857.

Dear Sir,—The State Disunion Convention, held at Worcester, Mass., January, 1857, recommended a Northern Convention, based on the same principles, during the present year. Your attention is respectfully invited to the accompanying Call, prepared by a sub-committee designated for that purpose.

The results of the Worcester Convention were important. It established the question of Union or Disunion, *as an open question*, among a large and influential class who have hitherto shrunk from the consideration of the subject. The able correspondents of the Convention, who deprecated Disunion, still recognized it as a legitimate matter of discussion. This was a great step. A great blow was struck at the popular, unreasoning idolatry. Such blows must be repeated. The Slave Power will have lost its chief weapon when the North has learned to calculate the value of the Union. Until that is done, there will always be a means of crushing us into submission.

It may seem, to some, that the present is not a peculiarly favorable period for such a Convention. The year after a Presidential election is always a period of lull. 'Optimists and quietists' represent that the character of the new Administration and the new Congress are not yet definitely indicated. At present, affairs in Kansas look more propitious, while new light dawns in Missouri, and even, it is thought, in Virginia. The memory of the Sumner outrage is softened by the twin deaths of its author and its occasion. The Fugitive Slave Law and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise have ceased to be novelties; and the Dred Scott decision is acquiesced in, by many, as a merely abstract grievance.

But all this is merely a truce, not a peace. We have no indemnity for the past, no security for the future. Not a wrong is yet redressed; Kansas is not yet saved; Sumner is not yet restored; Missouri is not yet freed; Virginia is not yet colonized. The future, in all these cases, is still clouded by uncertainties. If the Dred Scott case be an abstraction, it is one of those abstractions whose practical consequences convulse the world. For all our efforts, there is not yet an inch of truly Free Soil in the nation.—The great State of Ohio, under the ablest Republican government, has just been the scene of bloody and successful slave-hunts. That the new Administration will be thoroughly subservient to the Slave Power is a foregone conclusion. The existence of slavery is aggression, and new ingenuities of outrage may, at any moment, be sprung upon us.

From *mere* Politics there is little to be expected.—The Slave Power has always commanded just votes enough to carry its measures, and, under our present organization, always will. If the Republican party told the truth, last November, the Presidential election transferred the balance of power, more than ever, to the side of slavery. It has four years of corruption, conquest and annexation before it, and it remains to be proved that any merely political combination can defeat it. On the other hand, the attitude of the Republican leaders is now, as always, one of timidity and compromise. They deprecate, with profuse caution, the charge of any disposition to interfere with slavery, *as it is*, and claim the support of Southern men for their nominations, as affording undiminished security to slavery. It is evident that the mass of Republican voters, in many States, are becoming more radically anti-slavery. And nothing will do so much to promote that desirable change as the fearless discussion we propose. Undoubtedly, the first object is, to create a united and determined North. But if there is even a chance that the ultimate result of that effort is to be Disunion, every one must admit the necessity of being prepared for it.

In view of these facts, we regard the present as an opportune period for our Convention. We wish to act with calmness, not with impetuosity; to be controlled, not by impulse, but by mature conviction.—It is not strange that such a Convention should be proposed in a period of excitement. That it should be held, in a period of comparative quiet, is a fact of momentous significance.

Such a Convention appeals to three distinct classes of persons:—

1. Those who repudiate the United States Constitution as essentially pro-slavery, and hence abjure all union under it.

2. Those who, not accepting this view of the Constitution, still concur in the opinion that there can be no permanent union between Free and Slave States, and that the only practicable solution will be found, sooner or later, in a separation.

3. Those who, believing in the ultimate triumph of Freedom, without Disunion, still approve of the agitation of the subject, because they admit Disunion to be a *possible* result; and because the discussion will tend, in any case, to strengthen and consolidate the North on the side of Freedom.

It has been determined to summon the Convention by means of a Call, to be signed by such persons as may, from either of the motives above indicated, sympathize with its object. By obtaining many such names, from every Free State, the existence and wide distribution of this sentiment will be exhibited, and increased interest will be given to the Convention.

You are therefore respectfully invited to append to this Call your own signature, and to obtain such others as may be within your reach. It is believed that any effort, so bestowed, will be useful anti-slavery work. All copies of the Call should be returned, (with signatures, and a memorandum of the place where obtained,) to Joseph A. Howland, Worcester, Mass., on or before Sept. 1st, 1857.

CALL FOR A NORTHERN CONVENTION.

Whereas, it must be obvious to all, that the American Union is constantly becoming more and more divided, by Slavery, into two distinct and antagonistic nations, between whom harmony is impossible, and even ordinary intercourse is becoming dangerous;

And, whereas, Slavery has now gained entire control over the three branches of our National Government, Executive, Judiciary, and Legislative; has so interpreted the Constitution as to deny the right of Congress to establish freedom even in the territories, and by the same process has removed all legal protection from a large portion of the people of the free States, and has inflicted, at many times and places, outrages far greater than those which our fathers rose in arms to repel;

And, whereas, there seems no probability that the future will, in these respects, be different from the last, under existing State relations;

The undersigned respectfully invite their fellow-citizens of the Free States to meet in Convention, at ————, in October, 1857, to consider the practicability, probability, and expediency of a separation of the Free and Slave States, and to take such other measures as the condition of the times may require.

LEGAL VOTERS.	OTHER PERSONS.

The question has been asked, 'How many names are wanted to this Call?' Just as many, dear friend, as you can, by any possibility of exertion, obtain. Go far and wide, to every man and woman, and those who see the necessity of the Convention will sign the Call without any argument; others will need to be enlightened. You cannot do better service to the cause of the slave, and of the whole country, than in this work. Pray do not delay, and spare no expense of either time or money in making this Call a loud one.

LECTURE AT MILFORD.

In accordance with previous arrangements, Mr. Garrison lectured in our spacious Town Hall, on Sunday evening last, which was filled, including the gallery. The close attention of his throng of hearers is the best commentary which can be given to a lecture replete with fact, argument and appeal. This labor will not soon be forgotten. God grant that *such infidelity* may spread from heart to heart, and from the 'rivers to the ends of the earth.' Many were present who have believed the evil reports and misstatements which crafty priests and politicians have put in circulation of what they are please to call 'Garrisonianism.' And now they have heard for themselves, and know the head and front of his offence to be the simple demand of liberty, universal liberty, for all God's children.

Some there are who think the charges of the pro-slavery character of American Christianity were too sweeping. But they are persons so careful for a sect or party as still to deem it fanaticism to make the world, our country, and all mankind our brethren.—God be praised, the victory will come! G. W. S.

FIRST OF AUGUST AT SPRINGFIELD.

Springfield, (Mass.) August 3, 1857.

Dear Garrison:

I have just returned from a 'pic-nic' held by the colored people of this place, in honor of West India emancipation. For some reason that I did not learn, it was not convenient to have the celebration on Saturday.

The day has been delightful; a fine cool breeze and a clear sky have added not a little to the enjoyment of the occasion. At 11 o'clock, a company of happy men, women and children assembled in a beautiful grove to have a good time—to use their own expressive words, to 'hurrah for emancipation!' They were well dressed, and in every way respectable in appearance. I have never seen a more orderly or better behaved collection of people.

A stand had been placed for the speakers, and seats provided for the audience. I was agreeably disappointed in the speeches: they were logical, lucid and pathetic: every one of them would have done credit to a white man, having the advantage of a far better education than these men have enjoyed. One of their number, once a slave, stood up in their midst, and said with eloquent earnestness—'We will demonstrate to our enemies, over and over again, till they are forced to believe us, that we are men, like other men. We will show them that we are as susceptible of improvement as themselves. We will educate our children in a way to show them what we can and will become.'

The same spirit of hopeful determination ran through all their speeches, and was manifest no less in the look and air of the people.

One speaker advised his brethren, in bringing up their children, not to make them all waiters and barbers, but to put them at trades, all trades that other boys learn. One very black man, but recently from slavery, spoke with much feeling of the reason why so few slaves run away. 'It is,' said he, 'because we must leave our mothers and our children behind. Oh! if slavery were only abolished, how soon we would go back to the homes of our childhood!'

At 3 o'clock, dinner was served. The tables were garnished with flowers, and loaded with delicate confectionary and substantial viands. I was sorry to see wine among the dainties. After dinner, there were more speeches, and then a dance, on the soft, green turf under the spreading trees.

I was affected, even to tears, as I looked at these people, and heard their words, so full of resolute daring and patient endurance. I thought, these are the people, whom our government would degrade into chattels—these are the people who have no rights that the white man is bound to respect! Some of the young girls were dazzlingly beautiful. Such as these stand upon the auction block, to be purchased by him whose lust will give the highest price!

There were present in the grove, quite a number of white persons—some who came to sympathise with the black man in his joy at the freedom of his brethren, and some who came as mere spectators—but all were made welcome to the festivities of the occasion.

I am afraid if, on the fourth of July, a company of colored persons should presume to present themselves at a white celebration, they would receive rather different treatment. It is something to have people attend, even as spectators, such a gathering as this. It argues that the barriers of prejudice and scorn, that have so long separated the white man from his darker brother, are giving way; that, slowly but surely, the waves of truth are washing away, little by little, the great mountain of hate and wrong, and hastening the time (by an almost imperceptible degree, it is true,) when the white man and the black man shall dwell together with mutual good will and mutual benefit. To this end let us labor.

Truly yours,

A. F. RAYMOND.

FIRST OF AUGUST AT HOPEDALE.

This delightful and profitable gathering will not soon be forgotten by those who enjoyed the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul.' The lowering clouds of the morning passed away in due time, and by noon, we had the glorious sun to 'preside o'er the scene.'—A multitude of persons were in attendance, and listened to the speaking with profound attention.

We feel in our heart to thank our Hopedale friends for this rare treat. May they find a rich reward in the spread of that truth which maketh free! The addition of well-executed music, with the sweet voices of childhood, did not fail to move the heart in aspirations of hope and love to the God of universal freedom. The speaking was all faithful and stirring, and we hope not to be deemed invidious in saying, that no no thoughts uttered penetrated so deep, or awakened such holy determination, as those of Miss Watkins, of Baltimore. It was most fortunate for us all that she was present, in the absence of Mr. Higginson, who was necessarily kept at home. Most fortunate are they who come within the charm and power of our colored sister's voice, who possesses rare talents and a gift of language exceedingly beautiful and rich. Wherever she labors, she cannot fail to arouse and quicken the soul for anti-slavery work.

The visit of Mr. Garrison to Milford, we hail with pleasure, remembering his service in the days of 'Auld Lang Syne.' His graphic analysis of the trials, discouragements and hopes of the British Abolitionists, in their struggles for West India Emancipation; the delineation of the objections which lay in their way, so similar to those which are still offered by a pro-slavery Church and State, will not soon be forgotten by those who are working for the abolition of American slavery. The strain of hope and courage which he imparted to the timid and halting, still lingers on the mind, bidding us be faithful and bide our time. And so we will—ever thanking God for what we saw and felt on the first of August at Hopedale.

G. W. S.

From the Practical Christian.

FIRST OF AUGUST AT HOPEDALE.

The great and glorious event of West India Emancipation, whereby nearly a million of human beings were raised from a condition of chattelism to that of noble manhood, was duly commemorated by the friends of impartial liberty at Hopedale, on the occurrence of its twenty-third anniversary, according to the announcement previously made to the public. The meeting, held as heretofore in the Grove—it should be christened *Liberty Grove*—was a large, orderly, attentive—a deeply interesting and encouraging one—abundantly satisfactory to those who were instrumental in getting it up, as it is believed it was to all who participated in it. One spirit seemed to pervade the whole assembly—the spirit of true liberty—which rejoiced with the rejoicing thousands of those to whom deliverance has come, and which weeps with the weeping millions that still pine in chains. The weather, which had been dull and more or less stormy for several days previously, and which wore a threatening aspect up to the very hour of assembling, at length proved favorable and propitious for the occasion. At 11 o'clock, Wm. H. Fish of Hopedale called the people to order, and to effect an organization of the meeting presented, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, a list of the names of persons nominated to serve in the respective capacities indicated.

The list, accepted by those assembled, was as follows:—

President—Wm. S. Haywood, Hopedale.

Vice Presidents—Geo. T. Ball, Upton; J. R. Johnson, Milford; S. Barber, Mendon; Wm. G. Babcock, South Natick; Robt. Hassall, Haverhill.

Secretaries—Dan Comstock, Millville, Abbie S. Haywood, Hopedale.

Business Committee—Adin Ballou, Hopedale; Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Boston; Wm. H. Fish, Hopedale; Anna T. Draper, Hopedale; Almira B. Humphrey, Hopedale.

Finance Committee—Geo. Draper, Hopedale; D. H. Carter, Millville; Jane Hatch, Hopedale.

Opportunity being given for a recognition of the Divine Presence and for an invocation of the Divine blessing, Wm. H. Fish offered vocal prayer. A Hymn written for this occasion by Joseph Bailey of Hopedale was sung, after which the President made the opening address, and was followed by Adin Ballou and Frances Ellen Watkins. A song by a few children of Hopedale closed the exercises of the morning.

AFTERNOON MEETING.

At 2 o'clock, after a recess of an hour for recreation and refreshment, made doubly pleasant by the opportunity it afforded for social greeting and converse, and by a variety of instrumental music generously furnished by some friends for the occasion, the meeting again came to order, and the exercises were resumed by the singing of an original Hymn from the pen of Wm. S. Haywood. A letter to the meeting from Warren Clark, Gasport, N. Y., was then read, and also a poetical contribution from Seth Hunt of Northampton Mass. After the singing of another hymn by Sojourner Truth, Wm. Lloyd Garrison was introduced to the audience, and made one of those peculiarly earnest, clear, and forcible speeches which can only come from his lips. He was followed by Wm. H. Fish and S. Barber,—the latter of whom presented some inquiries to which Mr. G. replied—Sojourner Truth, W. S. Haywood and F. E. Watkins. Mr. Garrison made a few closing remarks, an original song by Harriet N. Greene was sung, and the gathering dispersed at about 6 o'clock, after a most pleasant, interesting and profitable day.

Sketches of the several speeches made on the occasion will be hereafter published, for which reason no report of them is here made.

The First of August Celebration has become a fixed fact—an institution, it may be—at Hopedale. It is, we believe, as sure to take place from year to year as it is that the Anniversary of W. I. Emancipation occurs. May it be so. And may its interest, vitality and power increase until in this country of ours as in the British isles, 'Liberty shall be proclaimed throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof;' until we can sing anew Zion's jubilee song,

'Sound the loud timbrel o'er land and o'er sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free.'

WM. S. HAYWOOD, *Pres't.*
D. Comstock, A. S. Haywood, *Secretaries.*

From the Providence Transcript.

FIRST OF AUGUST.

This day being the anniversary of W. I. Emancipation, was celebrated by our colored citizens, on Saturday last, by an excursion to Mark Rock, a beautiful shore in Warwick. Quite a large collection from the city and adjoining towns assembled, and by suitable exercises commemorated the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies, 800,000 in number, who passed from Slavery to Freedom, from chattelism to manhood, in a single day, by the act of monarchical Great Britain. And, to the colored citizen, the day is of especial moment, as it vindicates the fitness of his race for freedom, and effectually silences their maligners, who say they are fit only for a state of bondage. West Indian emancipation has vindicated the integrity of human nature, the safety of right doing, and the utter falsity of the prediction that emancipation would be fraught with evils. The fourth of July, which is our national holiday, has nothing about it to enlist the colored man's sympathy. Assisting to achieve the independence of the country, honorably risking life in the battle-field, and in every way possible contributing to the success of the American arms, to-day this Government exists not for the colored man. Under the flag which is the emblem of our nationality, four millions of his fellows pine in chains, and are subjected to the 'tender mercies' of absolute and irresponsible power. What day, then, more fitting than the one just commemorated can be selected, when the proscribed and the brethren of the oppressed can meet and mingle their joys and tears?—joys that twenty-three years since the yoke of oppression was broken in the West Indies, and sorrowing that in this boasted land of liberty, the hand of the tyrant yet retains in its grasp one-sixth of the entire population.

Several addresses, pertinent to the occasion, were delivered, and everything passed off in the happiest manner. The Providence Brass band at intervals discoursed most excellent music, and contributed much to the pleasures of the day. In the way of eatables, there were the usual shore accompaniments, a clam-bake and a chowder, both of which were got up in the best style, and in a way that must satisfy the palate of an epicure. The arrangements were made for a right good time, and those who had charge of them, Messrs. Edward Scott and T. Wheeler, are entitled to much commendation. The first of August, 1857, was happily spent; and may each recurring anniversary see no diminution of spirit, but rather an increase of zeal, and a higher and holier appreciation of the day! And may its celebration be continued till there shall be a day which shall be the downfall of American slavery.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

FIRST OF AUGUST IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The Anniversary of West India Emancipation was celebrated, in a very pleasant and appropriate manner, at Longwood, Chester Co., Pa., by a Children's Convention and Pic-Nic, the call for which, signed by Joseph A. Dugdale, the Children's Friend, appeared in the *Standard* of July 11th. At 10 o'clock a. m., the Progressive Friends' meeting-house was filled, chiefly by children, some of whom were from the State of Delaware and others from Delaware Co., Pa. The animated faces of the little girls and boys indicated the bright hopes of enjoyment with which they had come to the celebration, and the scene was an exceedingly pleasant one to look upon. Joseph A. Dugdale opened the exercises with prayer, after which was sung that sweet children's hymn, beginning—

'I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.'

Joseph A. Dugdale then addressed the children at considerable length, enforcing lessons of virtue, morality and freedom by many pertinent anecdotes.

Oliver Johnson then read a hymn, written for the occasion by Mr. Theodore Tilton, Assistant Editor of the *Independent;* and it was sung by Mr. Johnson and Misses Isabella and Adelaide Parker, of Brooklyn, New York.

After a few remarks by Oliver Johnson, several of the little girls united in singing 'Lilly Dale;' after which, as it was nearly noon, and the house was surrounded by a multitude for whom there was no room inside, it was thought best to adjourn to John Cox's beautiful grove, There, under the shadow of noble oaks, the multitude, disposed in groups, partook of a fraternal meal, served pic-nic fashion and seasoned with cheerful conversation. This being over, the children and their friends were invited to come together for further singing and speaking; when, after singing by a company of children from Media, and others, addresses were delivered by Oliver Johnson, and Thomas Garrett of Wilmington. Mr. Johnson gave an account of the great experiment of Emancipation in the West Indies, and Mr. Garrett gave some very interesting statements in respect to the escape of fugitive slaves.

The weather was delightful, and everything connected with the celebration passed off pleasantly. The children conducted themselves through the day with marked propriety, and nothing occurred to mar their enjoyment of a celebration designed especially for their benefit.

The day was also celebrated at Penningtonville, in the same County, where a large meeting was held in a grove, and addressed by H. Ford Douglass, of Canada, and J. Miller McKim. This was followed by another meeting on the following day (Sunday,) at the Lyceum building, near Christiana, which was addressed by the same gentlemen. We learn that Mr. Douglass's efforts fully justified the reputation he has acquired among those who have heard him, of being one of the ablest and most promising young champions of freedom that have lately entered the field. He is, we are told, a man of rare powers, and one who will make his mark in the world.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

All the world knows how pertinaciously the defenders of slavery have rung the charge that the negroes in the British West Indies have degenerated since their emancipation, a little more than a quarter of a century ago. Even some good Christian men seemed willing to charge upon the Almighty the creation of a whole race fit for nothing but to be brutes. It might have been anticipated that, wholly destitute of property and of education, the liberated slaves would require a little time to acquire the discipline of manhood. The latest accounts from various sources conspire to show that in every respect they have largely gained since their emancipation.

'At a recent meeting in London, to take measures to present an appropriate testimonial to Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller, Mr. Montgomery Martin said he had recently visited the West Indies to ascertain if the emancipation of slaves had produced ruin there. He found there a free, happy, and prosperous population, and speaking commercially, the West Indies now yield more produce than they had ever done during the existence of slavery. Since the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, not a drop of blood was shed by a popular disturbance, nor a single crime by mobs was committed, nor was there any destruction of property throughout the whole of the West Indies. A letter received recently in New York, dated Spanish Town, Jamaica, March 16, 1857, says: 'Let it suffice that, with the high price of sugar, the good season with which we have been so long favored, and other favorable circumstances, our prospects are brighter than they have been for many years.

"'Many of the planters are extending their cultivation to the utmost, and are rapidly recovering from their late embarrassments; while numbers of laborers have purchased deserted estates, and are thus raising themselves into that middle class which slavery annihilates, and without which no country can prosper. In every respect, there is a decided, palpable progress. The change from slavery to freedom, in this country, is as from darkness to light. The laborers are, for the most part, orderly, industrious, and happy. Schools and places of religious worship are being extended over the land, and are generally well attended. In fine, everything augurs a steady advancement toward a permanent and general prosperity.'"

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March 27 6m

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Boston, May 1, 1857. 1y

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PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

JUST PUBLISHED,

THE 'PROCEEDINGS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS,' for 1857. The contents of the pamphlet are as follows: Minutes of the Meeting; Testimonies on Slavery, War, Capital Punishment, Temperance, Tobacco, Co-equality of Woman, First-Day Meetings; Exposition of Sentiments; Report on Spiritualism; Correspondence—embracing Letters from affiliated associations, and from more than twenty different persons, among whom are the following, viz.: Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Albany; Rev. E. Buckingham, of Troy; Rev. Samuel Johnson, of Lynn, Mass.; Hon. J. R. Giddings; Charles K. Whipple, Francis Jackson, Rev. Samuel May, Jr., and Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston; Rev. M. D. Conway, of Cincinnati; Rev. W. H. Fish, of Cortland, N. Y.; Rev. Antoinette L. Brown Blackwell, of Newark, N. J.; and Rev. D. A. Wasson, of Groveland, Mass. Some of these letters are exceedingly valuable as testimonies in favor of Practical Christianity.

Price of the pamphlet 20 cents; six copies for $1. It will be sent, post paid, in return for seven 3ct. stamps. For sale at the Anti-Slavery Offices in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and by Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, New York.

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